

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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HERE are all kinds of books in the library at old Bittersweet College. There are books that no one reads, which old Grundle, the librarian, will let you take and keep for a month; books that everyone wants, which he will not allow outside the reading room for a minute; then, in the west wing, there are the special *de-luxe* classics, without a mark or a number on them, which he will let you keep for three days. Of course no student at Bittersweet who knew what he was about would take one of those intellectual-looking volumes to read, but Grundle is choice of them, and, since accidents will happen, he has established his three-day rule.

One Monday afternoon, therefore, when Stag Hunt, sophomore, lurched into his room at Rosewood Hall with a dozen *de-luxe* volumes in his arms Clam Baker, his roommate, gasped in amazement.

"Stag," he said, "I give it up! What's the idea?"

Stag dumped the books on the floor and gazed at them almost as if he had intended to read them. "Nice-looking books, eh, Clam—leather bindings and all that gilt? They're worth money too—most valuable books the library has."

"Yeh," said Clam, "so valuable nobody likes to touch 'em. What do you want with books like that?"

"Oh, I might read them," replied Stag, coloring a little. "You can learn a lot from books."

"Not from books like those," said Clam and, leaning back in his chair, reached for his paper-bound copy of *How to Play Ice Hockey*, which he hadn't been able to finish during his last lecture.

Stag was thoughtful for several minutes. "Clam," he said carelessly at length, "it's Thursday you play the juniors, isn't it?"

Clam nodded. "Yep. We lick 'em Thursday."

Again Stag was thoughtful and with good reason. He had decided to invite Hortense Claire, "the only girl," and her mother to take tea in his room on Thursday afternoon. He liked Hortense more than he cared to admit, certainly more than he wanted Clam to know; he liked her mother too. He had taken Hortense to numerous college "affairs," but he had never invited her mother. He had taken many a delightful walk with Hortense, but never with her mother. Wasn't it reasonable then that Mrs. Claire might be feeling—well, just a little injured? Of course it wouldn't do at all to have her feel that way, and so Stag had hit on the happy plan of inviting them both to tea and incidentally showing off his room. As for

HUNT THE HOST

By Russell Gordon Carter

the books, they were an important part of his plan, just as the little brown teapot that stood on the edge of the table was an important part.

"Say, Clam?"

"Wait a minute, Stag!"

Clam had propped his little book upon the open desk, and with his hockey stick in his hand was bending over it and reading intently. "Ah, I've got it now!" he cried and, resting the curved end of the stick on the floor, swung it viciously forward.

Crack! Smash!

"Oh!" cried Stag. "You've busted it! My teapot!"

Clam looked with some dismay at the little pieces lying against the wall. "Why, so I have! Say, Stag, I didn't mean to."

Stag had a hard time controlling his anger; to show too much feeling over a broken teapot would perhaps betray his plan, and then of course Clam, being human and a roommate, would tell the whole college.

"No place to play hockey, in a room!" Stag grumbled.

"I know it," replied Clam solemnly, "but, Stag, you never use the teapot. You probably wouldn't want it again during your whole college life."

"Not that one," replied Stag dismally.

Clam laid the stick down. "What were you going to say, Stag, before your teapot got in the way of my stick?"

"I was going to say," replied Stag a bit coldly, "that our room looks like a wreck!"

"Just discovered it?" inquired Clam, grinning.

"I think I'll clean up some day," Stag continued thoughtfully. "We ought to have more furniture too—a couple of extra easy chairs, more sofa cushions and pennants, Clam!"

"No room for any more unless we put 'em on the floor or the ceiling," Clam replied.

"And say, Stag, I've told you before we can't have a good-looking room as long as you keep that ironing board of yours in sight."

Stag, who picked up spare cash pressing trousers, now picked up the ironing board and carried it into the bedroom.

That evening he called on Hortense, and when he came away she and her mother had agreed to take tea in his room at four o'clock on Thursday.

Stag spent much of the intervening time looking forward to the great day and planning just how he would rearrange things in the room. There would be time enough for that task Thursday afternoon when Clam would be down at the rink, far away from the teapot that Stag was sure he could borrow from Finny or Skinny; he didn't know which, because they roomed together.

Tuesday evening Stag sauntered into Finny's room. Finny and Skinny were toying with their hockey sticks; How to Play Ice Hockey lay propped open on the table. Finny looked up.

"Hello, Stag, you little sawed-off, good-for-nothing loafer! What did you come down to steal?"

Stag grinned. "Let me have your teapot, will you, Finny?"

"Sure," replied Skinny. "There it is behind the door."

Stag picked it up and edged away from the hockey sticks. "Say, Skinny," he added, "I may want to borrow a chair or two and some pennants and things some day this week."

"Help yourself," replied Finny, "but mind you don't keep 'em more than a day. What are you going to do, hold Sunday-school class in Clam's room? Look, Skinny, are my legs right?"

Stag left Finny crouching with his stick while Skinny, book in hand, told him just what was wrong with his legs. Stag took the teapot to his bedroom with him and the following morning hid it under the bed.

Wednesday passed, and Thursday dawned warm and bright. Stag could hardly wait for the dinner hour, but it came at last, and he sat down to eat at the Commons in his customary place next to the training table where Clam and the others dined almost the year round. As usual Stag started to read

"I'm so sorry," Hortense was saying. "The gloves were in my pocket all the time!"



the bill of fare from the bottom up, and he noticed with delight that the dessert was floating islands, his favorite.

"Hey, Clam!" he called triumphantly. "Floating islands for us! I'm glad I'm not an athlete like you!"

Clam glanced swiftly at the training table bill of fare, saw that the dessert was prunes and then told Stag he wasn't big enough and tough enough for "he-man" dessert such as prunes. "We eat pits and all!" he added.

"Say, Stag," he called a few moments later, "weren't planning to see us beat the juniors this afternoon, were you?"

"No, I guess not," replied Stag.

"That's good. Game's been postponed till tomorrow—poor ice."

"Oh," said Stag, and it wasn't the mention of ice that sent cold chills up and down his spine. Clam wouldn't be safe at the rink that afternoon after all! What miserable luck! But perhaps—

"What you going to do this afternoon, Clam?"

"Oh, just hang around the room prob'ly." Stag's heart sank. His plan was ruined! He simply couldn't imagine himself entertaining Hortense and her mother with Clam in the room or anywhere in the dormitory even. He bolted his soup and part of the meat and vegetables; then with a sigh for the floating islands he rose and hurried out.

Two minutes later he was trying to explain things to Hortense over the telephone. "Unforeseen events have risen, Hortense, and—and—"

"Yes, Stag."

"I don't see how I can have tea for you

this afternoon. Would—would tomorrow do just as well?"

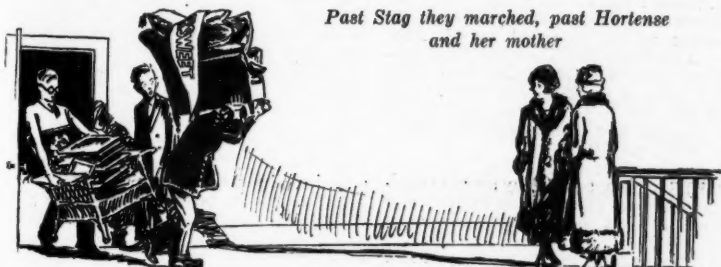
Perspiration stood out on Stag's forehead as he waited for the reply. At last it came: "Mother says tomorrow will do just as well, and she says don't go to a lot of trouble, Stag."

Stag sighed. "I—I shan't. It's awfully nice of you, Hortense."

Stag spent the rest of what was to have been the great day much as he had spent the three preceding days, and it didn't help his state of mind to know that, contrary to expectations, Clam had gone off somewhere with Happy Day and Red Lane.

DRAWN BY
W. P. DODGE

Past Stag they marched, past Hortense and her mother



There was no doubt about the ice on Friday. Clam went down to test it right after breakfast and announced to his eager roommate that by five o'clock the juniors would be explaining to one another why they hadn't won.

Shortly after luncheon Stag, quite as excited as any soldier on the eve of going "over the top," set to work to make the room look more like a study and less like a pawnshop. First he stacked the beautiful *de-luxe* volumes conspicuously in the book-case. Then he put his desk in order so that it would shine by contrast with Clam's. After that he went down to Finny's room—Finny and Skinny were at the rink of course—and carried up two easy chairs, half a dozen sofa cushions, several pictures and a large Bittersweet pennant. Once in his own room again, he stripped the walls bare, tacked the big pennant above the fireplace, hung the borrowed pictures here and there and then filled in with the best of his own and Clam's. He arranged the borrowed chairs and cushions to the best advantage, and whatever furniture seemed to him in poor artistic taste he banished with the ironing board. Then he put on his best suit of clothes, which, you may be sure, were carefully pressed. And after that he swept the room!

While the dust was settling he arranged his waffle iron, the teapot and three cups and saucers on the table. By that time it was five minutes of four o'clock, and he sat down on the window seat to wait and to watch.

But not until twenty minutes past did he spy Hortense and her mother crossing the

campus. He hurried down to meet them. Almost everyone who roomed in the dormitory was at the hockey game, and Stag felt almost no embarrassment as he ushered his guests up the old uneven stairs and down the long prison-like corridor.

"Oh, Stag! So this is your room!" cried Hortense as they paused at Stag's cell. "How nice! Why, mother, it's nothing like what we said, is it?"

"It's very neat and comfortable looking," Mrs. Claire admitted.

Stag was happy; he was handling a difficult situation in a capable manner. He seated his guests in the borrowed chairs and, talking lightly and easily all the while as a perfect host should, made the tea.

"What beautiful books!" exclaimed Hortense. "Stag, I didn't know you had such fine ones—but perhaps they belong to Clam Baker?"

Stag smiled indulgently. "No, they're not Clam's. They're slightly over his head."

A double knock sounded at the door just then, and with a sudden sense of impending trouble Stag crossed the room and opened the door a crack. In the hall stood Grundle's boy. "Mr. Grundle sent me to get them fancy books that was due yesterday," he said in a loud voice.

"Shh!" whispered Stag. "Tell old Grundle I'll return them in an hour."

"No, sir!" replied the boy in a louder voice. "He said for me to get 'em! He said he'd come himself if I didn't—"

"All right! All right!" In a panic Stag turned back into the room, gathered the books in his arms and passed them out.

Hortense and her mother regarded him in mild astonishment. "It's awfully generous of you to lend your best books, Stag," said the girl.

Stag had no reply; he shrugged his shoulders in rather a silly way and with a trembling hand poured the tea. Then he started the first waffle.

Mrs. Claire admired the pictures on the wall and the sofa cushions on the window seat, and her daughter admired the big pennant above the fireplace; but Stag didn't enjoy their admiration; Grundle's boy had rather upset him. Besides, it was growing late. As he served the first waffles he could hear the fellows returning from the game. He glanced at the wall; it was five o'clock. Well, probably his guests would go in a few minutes.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Stag almost dropped his teacup. Like a little rubber ball he bounced out of the chair, and, crossing the room to the door, opened it an inch and stared into the face of—Finny.

"Stag, you shrimp, have you got all my furniture?"

"Some of it," replied Stag weakly and by a frantic gesture indicated that he had company also.

Finny had the unexpected grace to lower his voice. "Well, I've got company too! My folks are downstairs, waiting to see my room. I've got to have the stuff right off!"

"It can't be done, Finny!"

"What do you mean, 'can't be done'?"

It's got to be done!" Finny made as if to enter the room, but Stag clung to the door with all his might.

"Finny, wait!" he pleaded. "They'll be going in a few minutes, honest!"

Finny groaned and ran his fingers through his hair. "It'll be the end of me if my folks see my room the way it is now!"

"I know how you feel, Finny!"

"I've got to have the stuff now! Do you understand—now?" Finny was losing control of himself.

Stag groaned. "Wait just five minutes—please, Finny!"

Out came Finny's watch. "At the end of five minutes I'm coming in!" he said with ominous emphasis.

Stag closed the door and, trembling like a leaf, faced Hortense and her mother and then sank weakly into a chair. The clock on the wall showed five minutes past five. "I—I guess the game's over," he said.

"I didn't know it was so late."

It wasn't what a perfect host would have said, but perhaps it was better than silence.

"I'm glad you don't play hockey, Stag," said Hortense. "I'm glad you're more studious." Her glance indicated that she regarded the neat room as an index to Stag's character.

But all Stag could hear was Finny outside, walking up and down like a caged tiger; he even fancied he heard him tearing his hair. What if Finny in his crude way should decide suddenly to burst in and seize the

chair Hortense was sitting in! Terrible thought!

Six minutes past five! Stag had broken out into a cold sweat. "It's—it's a long walk back to the village," he said. Again the imperfect host!

"Mother and I enjoy walking," Hortense replied sweetly.

A long period of silence; then Stag heard Skinny outside the door; he was talking to Finny, perhaps urging him to do the thing Stag dreaded.

The clock ticked away the seconds. Thirteen minutes past! Stag rose, looked at his watch and then sat down. What should he do? What could he do! But if he didn't do something, Finny would, and that would be awful!

It was almost fifteen minutes past now, and Hortense and her mother just sat there. Stag coughed and tugged at his collar. Perspiration stood out in beads on his forehead.

"I think," said Mrs. Claire at last, "we'd best be going, Hortense."

Saved! Stag came up like a jack-in-the-box. "D—don't hurry," he said and started to help them with their wraps.

Half a minute later they were all out in the corridor. As Stag accompanied his guests toward the stairs he had a swift glimpse of Finny and Skinny as they appeared from behind a pillar and rushed into the room. He sighed with relief. What a narrow escape! He felt a little thrill of pride

in himself. He didn't know how he could have handled the situation better. Probably he was born to be a diplomat. And then just as they reached the head of the stairs—"O dear, I've forgotten my gloves!" exclaimed Hortense and turned back.

"I'll get them!" cried Stag and was off like a rabbit.

Just as he reached the door out came Finny with one of the chairs on his head; in it were piled all the sofa cushions, with the big pennant draped over the top. Behind him came Skinny with the other chair piled high with pictures. Past Stag they marched, past Hortense and her mother and, clump, clump, clump, down the stairs.

But Stag didn't hear them on the stairs. He was on his hands and knees, looking everywhere for Hortense's gloves. He looked under the table; he looked under the bookcase; he looked under Clam's desk; he looked under his own desk. But he couldn't find the gloves anywhere. Well, he'd have to give up the search and return them the next day. If he delayed longer, Hortense and her mother might come back, and, no matter what they might be thinking of him now, they would think something a good deal worse if they should see the room the way Finny and Skinny had left it!

"O Stag!" Poor Stag went limp. Like a criminal cat, he crawled out from beneath his desk. Hortense and her mother were standing in

the doorway, viewing with wonder the wreck of a room.

"I'm so sorry," Hortense was saying. "The gloves were in my pocket all the time!"

"Oh!" cried Stag as if nothing in the world were worth while.

"Stag," said Hortense curiously, "mother and I have been wondering, are all the boys as generous with their things as you are?"

"Er—er—" began Stag, and then before he knew what he was doing he had told the whole horrible story.

But Hortense and her mother didn't think it was horrible at all; they just laughed and said boys needed the refining influence of mothers and sisters, and that it was good that college, especially old Bittersweet, didn't last longer than four years—which was perfectly true of course.

Shortly after they had gone Clam arrived with a black eye; the eye had stopped the pucks and thus had prevented the juniors from scoring. Clam was proud of it. "So you had a bad afternoon, Stag? Oh, don't bother to tell me; I just saw Skinny. Trouble with you, Stag, you should have chosen some afternoon when I was home."

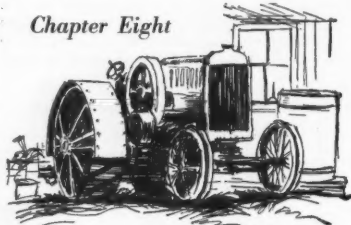
"You? What would you have done?"

"That's easy," replied Clam. "I wouldn't have let you borrow a thing. You borrowed trouble when you borrowed those books and Finny's furniture."

And for once in his life Stag had to agree with his roommate.

BELOVED ACRES By John H. Hamlin

Chapter Eight



Merceau's plot



HAT! Are you sure, Slim? Why, he wouldn't dare do a thing like that!" said Beth, shocked but wrathful. "Merceau wouldn't dare lay a finger on those boys!"

"Humph! Merceau's a bad actor, Miss Craymore," observed Slim baldly.

"This is dreadful. It will be my fault if any harm comes to Ward and his friends!" cried the girl, and the last flicker of her short-lived jubilation faded from her dark eyes.

"I shouldn't have scared you, Miss Craymore. I ain't said a word to none of the others. Somehow you seem cooler-headed than them; that's why me and Bob thought you ought to be warned. But I ain't alarmed for them college guys. They ain't softies. Why, they're all muscled up something scandalous. Only maybe you ought to sort of put 'em wise, that's all, Miss Craymore." Slim ducked his head and turned to go.

"Thank you, Slim. It was splendid both of you and of Bob to stay by me. I appreciate it very much." Beth sank back dejectedly in the seat of her car.

The rollicking song and twanging banjos harmonized not at all with her bitter thoughts. Here she had fairly raced from Timbercrest, so eager had she been to spread the good news broadcast. For Mr. Ballinger had found a buyer for the tractor—a mining company that needed just such a machine to haul ore from its mine down to the railway station where shipments were made to the nearest reduction works.

A couple of men were coming out the next day to take the tractor. How thankful Beth had been when Mr. Ballinger had introduced her to the mine superintendent, and he had agreed to write out his check for two thousand dollars if the tractor was all that it was described to be! Besides, Mr. Springer was motoring through Clover Creek Valley next Sunday and would stop at Craymore Acres and have a talk with her about leasing Papoose Valley.

"Sure, he'll let you have the range, Miss Craymore," Mr. Ballinger had told her. "I got him interested in your tackling such a proposition, and he's curious to have a look at a girl who thinks she can run a big cattle

ranch. You put on a good front, and I'll wager Springer will let you name your own figure about the lease."

"And now that horrid old Merceau has to take all the joy out of life again!" lamented Beth.

But she straightened her shoulders. "I shan't let him get the best of me! I know exactly what I shall do. Tomorrow is Saturday. I am going directly into the house and call up everyone in the valley who has a telephone and invite them to a barn dance for tomorrow night. I'll show the natives what sort of dude hay crew is working on Craymore Acres!"

Beth drove her car on to the garage, and when she ran into the house there was no trace of worry noticeable in her brisk manner. "Such good news, grandmother, Ward, Grayson! The tractor's sold, and the range for our cattle is as good as secured! I want to celebrate, so tomorrow night let's give a good old-fashioned barn dance. The hay loft is empty, and you will help decorate it, won't you, Grayson?"

"All right," consented Grayson, displaying scant pleasure in Beth's report of her visit to Timbercrest.

"Isn't that nice, Beth! My, I do think you have done splendidly!" exclaimed Grandmother Grayson. "The boys will be delighted to have a barn dance. And, since it is going to be old-fashioned, I shall not be out of place, and—and I have an idea, Beth."

"Indeed and you must come, grandmother. Tell me your idea, please."

But Grandmother Grayson smilingly shook her head.

"It must be a surprise, Beth." And that was all she would say.

"I must get May and Stelle to give me a list of all the young folks and the older ones too," said Beth, "for this is going to be something like a return party for the one at which I was guest of honor."

"You don't mean to tell me you intend to invite that cat of a Clotilde Merceau?" sputtered Ward, who had heard with much indignation how the French girl had tried to hurt Beth's reputation with the valley people.

"Indeed and I shall!" declared Beth. "You needn't think I am going to give her a chance to even up matters on me by appearing as an uninvited guest! And, Ward, I've heard that there are some misinformed persons in the valley who think that I have a stuck-up hay crew. Now you'll ask the boys to wear their khaki suits, leggings and flannel shirts tomorrow night, won't you?"

"I do like those khaki suits," spoke up Grandmother Grayson. "They are so becoming to you boys. They look so soldierly and comfortable—just the things for a country dance, Ward."

"We'll wear 'em then to please you and

grandmother," Ward agreed a trifle grudgingly.

While Stelle and May were busy at the telephone issuing invitations right and left Beth hunted up her cowboys.

"Slim, could you give me the names of those cowboys you mentioned? I think an invitation to my barn dance will take the wind out of the sails of these wild and woolly ones, don't you, Bob? Supposing you were planning something underhanded, you wouldn't feel like going ahead with it, would you, if you received an invitation to be a guest of the party plotted against?"

"Why, no, Miss Craymore! I'm thinking you got Merceau backed off the map already. Course now I ain't squealin' on these guys I'm goin' to name, but you go ahead and send a bid to them."

Thereupon Slim, assisted by Bob, checked off a list of names, and Beth jotted them on a slip of paper. Those she could not reach by telephone she intended getting word to early in the forenoon.

"And, boys," said Beth to her loyal cowboys, "I haven't mentioned a word to anyone of what you have told me; so you keep it a secret also. Don't whisper it to a soul, will you? And don't forget to be present at the dance tomorrow night; I'll need your help, and I'll save a dance for each of you."

"Mum's the word, Miss Craymore. You can bet on our bein' there with bells."

And later when Beth had disappeared Slim turned to Bob Jenkins. "She's what I call a downright sport. What do you say, Bob, if we get in and indulge in a heart-to-heart confab with Merceau's crew. Say, I'd be willin' to bet my boots and saddle that Miss Beth'll have more men than she's got jobs for by the time we get through tellin' a few things we know!"

Slim chuckled gleefully, and Bob slapped his friend a resounding whack on the back. "Ten to one she wouldn't take on Merceau's outfit less'n they quit him cold first. She ain't goin' to fall for any ornery tricks like what that no-count pulls off."

When Beth retired late that night most of the ranchers of Clover Creek Valley had received their invitations to the barn dance at Craymore Acres. Parks and Slim and Bob dug a trench and had a young beef barbecued before they went to bed. Early in the morning the Clark sisters and Beth were astir in the kitchen getting the refreshments ready. The hay crew was requested to knock off work in the fields at noon and to convert themselves into decorating committees.

Even though Beth had not let drop a hint about Merceau's plot, there was in the air a feeling of suspense that put everyone on his mettle. Never before had the Clark girls baked such fine cakes, fried such golden-brown doughnuts or had such jolly good success with their special kind of cookies.

Beth gave herself no time to worry, but bustled about with a smile and an encouraging word for each and all. "There is the sale of the tractor and the prospects of getting range for the cattle. Those are the things I shall think of today and be happy," she said to herself whenever a foreboding thought of Merceau's intentions stole into her mind.

Grayson arranged his fantastic lanterns in attractive festoons from the great rafters of the loft; Douglas McClintock headed the committee that brought in the young fir trees and evergreens that transformed the corners and walls into fragrant nooks and bowers. A stand for the musicians was built of benches and loose boards, carpeted with horse blankets and then arched over with ropes of feathery-headed grasses, the plaiting of which Grandmother Grayson supervised.

"It takes me back to my girlhood days," she said and smiled when she was teaching the boys how to make the fluffy ends stand out to advantage.

"This beats any college jinks," said Avery Claridge, fastening a red and yellow lantern to the tip of a small fir tree that was hanging from a rafter. "It sure looks great, and the hay has worn the floor smooth as glass."

The guests began to arrive before supper was finished. By dusk there was a procession winding up the poplar-lined lane. They came in automobiles and all manner of vehicles and also on horseback. Children were soon racing and whooping round the premises; an occasional knot of cowboys jingled their spurs and gave a picturesque dash to the gathering.

Beth flitted round, garbed in an attractive though modest sport suit, and welcomed the guests as they drove up. Then when a representative crowd had assembled, including the same musicians who had played at Clotilde's party, she singled out "Cinch" Welch, ringleader of the Merceau riders and, placing her arm in his, glanced up at him with a smile.

"Let's start the grand march for the barn, Mr. Welch? I know everyone wants the dance to begin."

Cinch could not do otherwise than act as escort to his daring little hostess, and the unmistakable signal caused a wild scramble for partners.

The old rafters throbbed with the rhythm of fiddle, banjo and accordion; Beth's barn dance opened with a swing and kept up with unabated enthusiasm. Every now and then the college boys would get together and amuse the assemblage with a snatch of song that was lustily applauded.

But the surprise of the evening for Beth as well as for all her guests came towards the close of the festivities. After a few words with the musicians Douglas McClintock skipped airily down the steps and out of the barn. He reappeared later, garbed in a costume of the Colonial period. Mining with the daintiest of steps, Grandmother Grayson walked by his side—a picture so adorably sweet that a veritable buzz of delight went up from the merry-makers. Her soft white hair was curled and puffed high on her shapely head; beauty patches brought out the sparkle of her hazel eyes and intensified the rose-leaf texture of her complexion. Her gown, which had a bodice of plum-colored satin, fell in cascading ruffles over the voluminous skirt that stood out stiffly over an old-style crinoline. Her small feet appeared childishly tiny beneath the great silver buckles that adorned her high-heeled slippers.

Douglas McClintock, strutting proudly as a cavalier of old, nodded his head to the musicians. Fiddle, banjo and accordion struck into the stately measures of an old-school dance, and Grandmother Grayson and her partner curtsied and bowed, stepped forward and back, pirouetted with a mixture of sedateness and sprightliness and went through the charming figures of a minuet so smoothly and gracefully that they created a furor.

Beth could hardly wait till the measure was finished before she flew up to the smiling, bobbing old lady. "Oh, you wonderful, wonderful Grandmother Grayson! Where in the world did you ever get those lovely costumes? And what a perfectly delightful surprise! I never saw anything so attractive or so—so beautifully done!"

"Thank you, my dear; I am glad that you liked it. And didn't Mr. McClintock dance nicely? These costumes have been in my old trunk up in the attic of the ranch house from the time your father first moved our things out to Craymore Acres. Was it a silly thing to do? But you must blame it all



on me, Beth. I asked Mr. McClintock if he knew the steps of the minuet, and he told me he had done it for a college entertainment."

"Silly! Why, it was beautiful, grandmother, just lovely! My goodness, I believe you'll have to respond to an encore; hear how they are clapping!"

But Grandmother Grayson curtsied her thanks, and at her request McClintock escorted her to a seat, where she received the compliments and homage of the admiring company.

After that a good old Paul Jones merry-go-round terminated the dancing, and every one adjourned to the tables set beneath the trees, where refreshments were served.

Beth Craymore's barn dance was successful in more ways than one. The frank hospitality and cordiality had captivated the valley folk; the college boys were so spontaneous and spirited, such wholesome lads, that not even Merceau's cowboys could detect any symptoms of snobbery in them. And that Clotilde did not attend caused the gossips to wag their heads and noise the opinion round that the French girl had lost completely in her attempt to out rival Beth Craymore. Then too Slim and Bob, stanchly backed by Parks, circulated the rumor that Beth was in need of more harvest hands, and when the last hearty farewell was spoken Bob's prophecy about her having more applicants than jobs was fulfilled.

But the next day when she thanked Ward's friends and laughingly told them that she was ready to pay them off they protested vigorously.

"I've begun something I want to finish, Miss Craymore," insisted Douglas McClintock. "If my work has been satisfactory, I want to work right through till the last load of hay's forked into the stack."

"Me too," said Jack Sproule, forgetful of his grammar.

And so it was with the seven of them; even Ward had to go with his friends, or else be judged a rank quitter. So, buoyed up at finding she had such stanch allies and elated over the complete success of her counterplay against Merceau's plot, Beth was in high spirits when Mr. Springer motored up to the ranch house.

He was a man of sandy complexion, past middle age, but sturdy and alert with keen gray eyes that took the girl's measure in swift, penetrating glances. "So you want to lease Papoose Valley, Miss Craymore? What's your idea? Don't you know it's no girl's job, running a ranch of this size?"

Beth met his gaze frankly. "Wait till the year is up, Mr. Springer. Then I will tell you whether it is a girl's job or not. But I do need Papoose Valley for my cattle, and I hope that you will let me have it."

"Then you're not selling the ranch?"

"Not if I can help it, Mr. Springer."

"How about Merceau's talk? He says he had the ranch bought, money laid down and everything, and you stepped in and spoiled the sale. He's after Papoose too, Miss Craymore."

"Mr. Merceau has not been very kind to me, Mr. Springer. Of course I realize that he is disappointed because I blocked the sale of Craymore Acres, but I—I love the place. Mr. Merceau is not offering what the ranch is worth; besides, I do not care to sell to him, even if it comes to a question of selling."



Fiddle, banjo and accordion struck into the stately measures of an old-school dance

"There is a question then about its being sold?" inquired Mr. Springer.

"I hate to think of it, but you never can tell," replied Beth mournfully.

"Well, see here, Miss Craymore, from what I hear you're bucking against your whole family. That shows pluck a-plenty, but maybe you're foolish. Anyhow here's a card of an honest real estate firm in San Francisco. No harm to get in touch with them if things get to pinching too hard up here. As for Papoose Valley,"—Mr. Springer plucked a folded paper from his inside coat pocket,—"here's the lease—mighty good range at that. It's in duplicate. Sign them and mail one to me along with your check whenever you get ready. So long, Miss Craymore, and good luck to you."

Beth thanked him, and he was on his way. "Water in the reservoir, range for the cattle, plenty of help and money to pay them!" she said to herself. "Oh, if I can only win the family over to my way of thinking!"

But there was doubt in her mind; the girl was just beginning to realize the greatness of the problem that she was facing.

She stole off by herself that Sunday afternoon, saddled Trixie and with Time and Tempo frisking at her heels rode over the ranch. She followed a course over which she had often ridden with her father in those care-free days when she had listened while he talked of his plans for the future of Craymore Acres. First she guided Trixie up the steep trail to the spring that furnished the ranch with clear pure water for the horse troughs, for domestic purposes and for the faucets for sprinkling the lawn and watering the kitchen garden. From the spring she rode along the shoulder of the mountain, which extended to a point overlooking Round Valley. She gazed over the surface of the partly filled reservoir and was human enough to gloat over the fact that it was owing to her own quick wit and courage that the grain crop could be saved.

She let Trixie pick her way over the road that wound down the cañon, but instead of continuing to the ranch house she rode through the upper pasture, which was stony and unfit for cultivation, and on through a big field where the sagebrush grew high and the soil was fertile. Her father had planned to sow alfalfa there. A covey of sage chickens whirled up almost beneath the padding hoofs of Trixie, sailed in undulating flight and lit in the brush a few hundred feet farther on.

"The boys must take a day off and go gunning," mused Beth, watching the big game birds scuttle for cover. "They would enjoy the sport, and there's nothing quite so good as broiled young sage chicken."

There were gates to open as she crossed from the upper fields into the great stretches

of land lying on the opposite side of the highway. Acres and acres of grain shimmered in the light wind that blew down from the lofty Sierras. The water that Parks had turned loose on the preceding day was trickling through the long furrows, and Beth imagined she could see the grain growing as it drank up the precious moisture. There were several sheet-iron granaries placed here and there in the grain fields for storing the threshed wheat and oats.

On and on rode the girl through fields of timothy, redtop and wild hay, passing more grain fields, going through land overgrown with weeds and sagebrush and finally coming to the immense sections that her college hay crew had cut over. And it all looked so good to her! Even the wild, uncultivated acres gave promise of unlimited crops if man would but lend a helping hand.

Down by the lower boundary line of Craymore Acres an irregular fringe of willows marked the course of Clover Creek. It had eroded a deep and twisting channel through the rich, black soil of the lowlands, and the water, though it was sluggish at that point, splashed and gurgled like a genuine mountain torrent where it dashed through the cañon a few miles farther on. Fine trout abounded in the creek, and ducks and snipe nested in the marshy places. She planned a fishing trip and a picnic for the boys.

But even as she dwelt upon those plans a feeling of resentment swelled in her heart. "Why can't Grayson and Ward see the possibilities in this wonderful country?" she thought. "I don't understand. There's everything here that a red-blooded man delights in: streams and lakes to fish in, wild ducks and geese, sage hen, deer and bear in the mountains and this glorious ranch. Oh, oh, I do wish I were a man! And there's the excitement and thrill of the fall round-up—the cattle coming in from the range as wild as deer. I can't understand why they want to sell, why they are not happy here!"

From that day on Beth found it difficult to tolerate Grayson's indifference towards the progress of the haying. He seldom ventured beyond the shade of the trees that sheltered the house and the lawn and spent most of the day locked in his studio. Ward too was growing impatient to gather his friends in a body and desert the premises. Physical labor did not appeal to him.

"I think I've had my fill of this place, Beth," he said three weeks later. "Don't believe I shall ever care to spend another vacation out here. Had a talk with Grayson last night. We're of the same opinion about selling that we were before you stirred up such a commotion."

"Not even if we have a successful year?" said Beth faintly. Prepared though she was for some such decision, her heart sank. "Parks estimates that the grain and cattle will net us a splendid profit, Ward."

Grayson stalked into the room just then and joined them; his face was gloomy. "I'm sick and tired of it all, Beth," he growled in tones as cheerless as his countenance. "I'm not going to be cooped up here another

month. I want my share of the profits right away, and the sooner I get what's due me from the sale of the ranch the better it will suit me."

"Sorry, Beth," added Ward. "But Grayson

and I are not cut out from a truly rural pattern, so I guess the time has come to tack up the For Sale sign on Craymore Acres."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LESS LAW AND MORE EQUITY

By James Parker Long



As the train stopped at the Riggs station Grover Hadley swung down to the cinder platform and turned to wave at Bill, who was shouting: "Don't forget; the big show starts September 1. Be on the job." Then, looking for a familiar face, he set off down the line of automobiles parked at the edge of the platform. Riggs had been trying to spruce itself up. The newly organized Chamber of Commerce had set up signs welcoming spenders and was responsible for the very sticky asphalt in the square, but in spite of it all the contrast with New York, where Grover had been finishing his law course and where that fall he was to become a law clerk in the office of the Stoughtens, was so great that his joy at coming home was tempered with chagrin at the evident provincialism of his home town.

Ahead of him waddled a portly figure in runover shoes and a baggy suit of gray summer cloth. Comfort marked every stitch of the man's clothing and every lurch of his padding gait. Geniality flowed from him as a visible flood upon the passers-by. Squire Holborn! Messy, happy, popular old squire! The leading legal light of the town—the man his father wanted him to pattern after! Grover granted his disdain as he pictured with pride the orderly corridor and methodical offices where that fall he would take his place on the bottom rung of the ladder of success.

The squire had called an overalled farmer from his load of produce and now with his pudgy arm thrown affectionately over the stooped, muscular shoulders was rumbling in his ear. "Remember, this is street-corner legal advice; no charge for it," boomed the big voice so that all might hear. "Come up to the house and I'll look in a book and charge you a dollar, but I'd tell you the same thing. You can stretch his hide on the fence if you want to, because you have the law, but it ain't no ways folksy. You better let me write him a letter."

Imagine one of the Stoughtens doing that! Embracing a client and shouting his business into the public ear! Grover grunted again. Then he heard his name called and ran to one of the cars, with his hand outstretched joyfully.

"Father! My, it's great to see you!"

A father different from the one who had sent him off from that platform, a father shrunken till his coat sagged away from thin and cordy neck, a father who made room for him on the seat with labored, calculated movements and whose smile had in it something that brought a choke to Grover's throat. "I shall have to hustle and make good down in the city," thought Grover. "The country is no place for a man after he gets old." The arm that lay across his shoulders was very light.

"It has been a long pull, my boy, but you have made it, and it will be great to have you here, even though it is to be only for a few months instead of right along as we had hoped."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, father, but you know yourself that there is no chance here."

"Will Holborn has done well," said Mr. Hadley.

"Oh, the old squire! He has made a living all right, but who ever heard of him away from here?"

"Well, we want you to do what is best for you."

"That is New York. It will mean that I shall have to draw on you for a year or two more. They do not pay law clerks a living wage to start with, but once I am established there will be ten dollars for every one that I could get around here, and then I can get you and mother down where there are some real comforts."

"I should not plan on that, Grover. Old folks are hard to transplant."

Grover inwardly congratulated himself. "I am glad that he is not going to make a fuss, the way his letters about the chance for a young lawyer out here made me fear. He is in such a rut that his judgment is warped. I shall have to decide for him."

At breakfast the next morning, when the third batch of griddle cakes was coming hot off the stove, Mr. Hadley announced: "Jeff Thompson had to run up to the city yesterday to get a contract drawn. Will Holborn was busy, and since Anderson went into politics he might as well have pulled down his shingle."

Grover felt two pairs of old and loving eyes on him pressing home the obvious comment. He tipped the syrup pot and praised the cakes.

When breakfast was over the two men walked down street for the mail. On the way Mr. Hadley tried again. "One trouble with having so few local lawyers is that folks are driven to the city and hire men who know the law, but who do not know us. The result is that we get too much law and not enough equity. Lots of folks, honest people too, are hard up and can't meet their obligations. Times like these are times for mutual forbearance, and in the hands of strangers the law is a pretty harsh tool. The law says that

war when the region had flowed with the easy money that came with high-priced potatoes. Now as soon as he had climbed above the frost level and left the vineyards behind he entered a country of weedy fields, deserted houses and unkempt roadsides. As the road dipped and twisted it seemed to him that, even if the crops were not there to see, he could have judged the fertility of the soil by the look of the folks who worked it. Only the richest soil was yielding a livelihood. Finally he turned and started to climb up into Stony Lonesome.

"I suppose the farms up here are abandoned," he mused as he panted up the rough, little-used cart track. "It was hard enough for Jenks and Robillard to get along under good conditions. They must have been starved out by now."

After a moment or two of gazing down the valley to where a wall of storm shut off the view he turned to look at the two little farms nestled there on the shoulder of the small mountain. The first was empty, but not the second. "Good for Jenks," thought Grover, striding toward it with an appraising glance at the coming storm. "He has not only stuck it out, but he has been fixing it up."

There were new posts in the roadside fence; here and there a new board gleamed

fatter than they are," thought Grover, eyeing the sleek beasts. "St. Peter looks at a farmer's horses before he turns the key." Who was it said that? It must have been the old squire. He is a good sport, even if he doesn't keep his buttons fastened."

Then the fork flashed, and by ones and twos the sheaves flew up on the load. In the gasping hush before the storm his sweat flowed drenchingly, and his muscles complained of the unaccustomed labor; but he did not rest till the load was on and under cover. Then mopping his forehead and stripping off his wilted collar, he turned to the porch, the roof of which was already ringing with the first big drops. "You go set on stoop," the woman had said. "I fetch butter-milk. You get pretty hot. My man thank so-o mooch."

Grover arrived with a jump on the porch as the wall of water from the thunder cloud swept down.

The young foreigner had lost his tense look. He grinned at Grover's unceremonious arrival. "You good hand weeth the boondle fork, meester. I bet, though, you not peetch many boondles before."

Grover ruefully rubbed a blister on the palm of his hand. "I had almost forgotten that there were such things," he admitted.

"What your beezness, meester? What you sell?"

"Me? I don't sell anything." "No? Then for why you do all that work? Three, four times drummers come here, take fork, yump een, peetch hay like tiger. All for get in solid weeth the 'rube.' I theenk maybe you sell something, but no chance. I ain't even got money for pay you for help Gretchen."

"Don't you fret. I was just giving you a boost." Then with a little burst of pride Grover went on. "I'm no drummer. I'm a lawyer."

What was the matter with the man? Was he crazy? The foreigner had clutched for his cane and was hobbling toward the door, calling, "Gretchen, Gretchen, where that paper? These gentleman ees a lawyer. Hurry weeth the paper."

In a minute he limped back, explaining: "I need a lawyer, so I go to Reegs. I go to the office of the fat man, but the girl say, 'He gone to court. Come back one week.' I go to office of thin one. He say, 'Ver good. You weesh to retain me? Yaas. You pay twenty-five dollar, and I give you advice.' You been so good about the wheat maybe you read thees paper and say do we got to go?"

"No harm in that," Grover glanced through the paper. It was a purchase money lease by which Jean Rogulsky and his wife bound themselves to pay annually five hundred dollars and interest on any unpaid balance of five thousand dollars, which was the sale price of the farm. When the payments totaled five thousand dollars the Sneed-Makin Real Estate Company of New York City agreed to give a deed for the premises; it would accept the rental payments as payments on the principal. If any payments were defaulted, the company had the right to turn the Rogulskys out and rent. Interest and payment date was set for May 1.

"Dandy time for a farmer!" thought Grover. "But it is all legal. Just as father said; too much law in that contract. Here is this ignorant foreigner bound to pay an impossible sum at an impossible time till he has paid twice what this rock pile is worth; and if he ever fails to make good, he is nothing but a renter, and out he goes."

"How long have you been here?" he demanded.

"Three year." "Then by some miracle you have paid fifteen hundred and interest. No miracle happening this year, you did not have the



"When was this paper served?"

DRAWN BY A. O. SCOTT

the man who defaults his payments must give up his place. The city lawyer puts him off, forgets him and leaves it to us to do the best we can for him and make adjustments so that he can fit in somewhere. Too often he loses heart and moves off. Then we have all lost. The town has lost good citizens, and we have lost good neighbors. As the population shrinks property gets less valuable, and more folks have to let go. It is a vicious circle, and the only way it can be broken under present conditions is by the efforts of lawyers who are interested enough in us to look up those parts of the law which protect and to draw contracts that will give both sides a chance to fight through."

Grover let the subject drop, but he could not forget it, and later that day when he struck out over the hill for a walk it was really for the purpose of giving his mind a chance to resume control of his heart, which so wanted to stay there in Riggs with his parents and their friends. The roads he traveled were familiar, but not the farms. Grover had last been at home just after the

yellow from the gray barn, and, wonder of wonders, a straggling row of summer cypresses lined the path to the door, and the garden, once weed-grown, was neat and well hoed and even boasted a clump of flowers, brave with gold and blue.

But it was not Jenks. On the porch sat a young fellow no older than Grover himself; his foot was wrapped in bandages on the floor before him, and his chin and lips were black with last week's bristles. He was anxiously watching a wagon, half loaded with sheaves of wheat, to which a woman, whose slight shoulders were sagging with weariness, was frantically adding more as she raced with the on-coming storm.

Grover hurried to her. "Get on and tread," he commanded. "I'll throw on the rest."

With half a glance at him that made him understand how much it meant to her to get the wheat to the barn in marketable shape she obeyed, climbing from ground to whiffletree. As he aided her he realized how thin and light she was.

"They are good folks; their stock are

money, and so you have had notice to get out? Has he served a paper on you?"

"Young fellow come with the paper and say: 'Two weeks you stay, then beat it. We got another hunyak for move in here.' But how can we move? We got the grain, the potat', the horses, the cows and no place to go. I have four hoondred dollar saved, but the doctor take feefy for feex leg; the man that help Gretchen plant the crop take one hoondred; and I no can work on road for buy flour, so I have only maybe two hoondred. I say I geeve heem that for let us stay, but he say, 'No, beat it, Bo.' So I say, 'I see lawyer.' He laugh and say, 'Look your head off. The company pay one thousand dollar for that contract, and she's water-tight.' So I tear the paper oop and yump on it. What you theenk? I got to go?"

"It is a rotten deal, Rogulsky, but on the face of it they have the law. Here, hold up!" The foreigner's face was contorted, and his arms were waving excitedly. "Hold up there! There is such a thing as equity—fair play—in this country, even if it sometimes looks as if we did not have enough of it. Calm down and let's talk. When was this paper served?"

"One week."

"Then the first thing is to get a stay of execution. I wish I had that paper you tore up, but I can get along. Yes, I will see what I can do. I have two clear months. I might as well pick up a little experience on the side. But if we cannot straighten it out by September 1, I shall have to drop it. I am due in New York then. Here, tell me what you think this contract is that you signed."

When the storm stopped Grover started out in its steamy aftermath. In his pocket he had the contract and a pack of notes.

He was well padded inside with cool buttermilk, soggy black bread and cottage cheese pressed hard and containing bits of green herb. But the thing that he took with him most of all was the realization that, unless some one who was willing to do the hard work of seeking the parts of the law with power to save should defend them, these young folk who had fought so steadfastly for a home were doomed to lose the battle.

That night he smiled ruefully at his parent's joy in his action. He read in their pathetic eagerness the hope that he would be drawn into legal activity and become too busy to leave town.

The next day he took a trip to the county seat, found the filed copy of the paper that had been served on the Rogulskys, drew up a petition to the county judge asking for a stay of execution and presented it to him. The case was under way. The judge granted the petition, but was pessimistic over Grover's chances. "Those fellows have a good contract," he said to him, "and attempts to break it have always failed. I have never studied it. It is just chance that this is the first time it has come before me. I'll appoint two weeks from today as the date for a hearing."

Spurred by the memory of that row of summer cypresses marching so bravely to the front door of the Rogulsky house and announcing, "Here is a home," Grover dug into his case. After each disappointment in his study of the law of contracts and the court records he refused to give up, but turned to another line of investigation. At the end of the two weeks he had no specific case, but confronted the confident city lawyer with the general charge that the contract was not legal, was not a meeting of the minds of the parties, since the Rogulskys did not know what they were signing. He then pointed out that the Rogulskys had already paid three quarters of the assessed value of the place, and that it would be inequitable to deprive them of a chance of redemption. He ended with a final fling at the contract as unconscionable in that the fulfillment of its terms was impossible. The company's lawyer nonchalantly rested his case on the contract and professed to be greatly injured when the judge extended the stay of execution till the fall term of court when action to set aside the contract might properly be brought.

Grover found himself a marked man. He was taking the side of the weaker party, always a popular thing to do, and moreover Rogulsky, though a foreigner, was a neighbor, and the plight that he was in was one that threatened others. So many people sought Grover out at his home that his mother laughingly insisted that he hire an office so as not to track up her parlor. When he had complied his father proudly appeared with a lettered sign, "Grover Hadley,

THE GREEN GATE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER



HERE is a phrase in a certain old prayer that likens the grave to a gate. It would be hard to find in all literature a figure of speech more deeply fraught with beauty and truth.

¶ This is to be said of gates: they do not lead into blind alleys; nor do they open merely for the purpose of closing again. Whether they lead into winding roads or broad fields, somehow they always take the traveler somewhere. And so the old saints, serenely sure that death is but a brief halt in a long journey, chose their metaphor well.

¶ From the very beginning the instinct of immortality has wrought in the heart of our race. It was the ancient custom of barbarous times to place food and arms in the warrior's grave for his use in the future world. The Egyptians thousands of years ago called the tomb "the house of eternity" and faintly hoped for survival in that house. As time went on the idea grew and strengthened. Old Job, weeping in the dust, took heart of grace to put a piteous question to the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?" The cynical writer of Ecclesiastes broke his bitter musings on annihilation to say, against his will, as it were: "The spirit shall return unto God who gave it." King David, grieving above the body of his little child, cried suddenly with happy tears, "I shall go to him!" and was comforted. Now and then some wistful seer caught a glimpse behind the veil; now and then humanity heard—in a psalmist's music or in a prophet's message—the clear, high note of immortality, as unmistakable as a trumpet call. Slowly with the passing of the centuries the instinct brightened to a dream, the dream became a hope.

¶ Many doubted that hope; some denied it outright; some deemed it only a matter for intellectual curiosity. But a few clung to it because they must. And then in the very midst of their longings and speculations, their doubts and denials, the first Easter of the earth came to pass.

¶ It is a strange story, that first Easter. But it is a simple one too, with a hillside garden for its quiet setting, and the time spring, and the hour break of day. An old story now. There are those who challenge it; there are those who repudiate it utterly; so men challenged and repudiated it two thousand years ago. But it shook kingdoms; it altered the course of history; upon its promise the heart of the world is stayed.

¶ Henceforth for us there is a new significance in the springtime of the year and in dawns and in old April gardens. Nay, ever since the trembling faith of the ages was justified on that dim slope there is a new meaning in life itself. Now we can look upon the grave with altered eyes, seeing it clearly even through our tears, not as a grave, but as a green gate opening on eternal life.

Attorney at Law," which he nailed to the doorpost of the stairs to the little office.

Grover often winced as he thought of how his parents longed for him to stay with them, but he refused to weaken. The contrast between the Stoughtens' office and his own or between the prosperously immaculate Stoughtens and Squire Holborn or even the county judge, loitering in his chair, was too great.

Discouraged with the prospects in case of a trial, he borrowed money from his father and made a trip to New York to make an

appeal to the proprietors of the real-estate company. After being passed about from underling to underling Grover shifted his point of attack and succeeded in catching each of the members of the firm in his private room. He described to them in turn the pitiful attempt to make a home, the frailness of the woman who was laboring so hard for food and money for payments, although that fall she was to become a mother. He described her hands, small but calloused and blistered. When he had finished Mr. Makin referred him to the

office manager. Mr. Sneed added that the office manager had introduced the farm branch of the business and had sole charge of it. Grover thought that he saw in the remark a crack in the armor of indifference. It looked a little like an effort to shift blame and that implied that they felt guilty. Then he was suavely shown the door.

The day Grover discovered that court sat on the first day of September was a bad day for him. That was the date on which he was due in New York. He had another bad day or two trying to find a man to take the case off his shoulders, and the search more than any other one thing brought home to him the scarcity of competent legal aid. Finally, failing in his search, he wrote to the Stoughtens asking for an extension and resolved to fight the case to the disappointing end. Those folk were entitled to a hearing, and the world should know of their straits.

The Rogulsky case was well on toward the end of the calendar in the equity half after all the jury cases had been tried. Grover sat and watched the old squire try case after case, some as complainant, some as defendant, and for the first time began to feel something of the personality of the man that made him the popular idol of the countryside. Each case was conducted with the informality of an ice-cream social, but its true merits were exposed with merciless clarity. The law had been squeezed for the last word on the subject, and in the atmosphere of good feeling the witnesses told the truth without fear or embarrassment. The squire did not always win, but even the judge and the jury that decided against him could not but admit that he himself was convinced of the moral rightness of his cases. Grover's admiration grew. Even in the big city a young lawyer might win his spurs under a less able leader than Squire Holborn.

At last Grover faced the judge in his turn and answered, "Ready." Opposite him was the company's lawyer with his air of complacent self-satisfaction, and with him was the senior partner, Sneed, whose long, gray face was as expressionless as a death mask. The next moment Grover forgot everything except the need of presenting his facts in the most appealing form.

As always when he thought of the Rogulskys he lost himself in their troubles. Things were complicated by Rogulsky's appearing late, but it was a pleasant thought that the delay probably meant that Mrs. Rogulsky's time of waiting was at an end, and that there was another Rogulsky in the world. The case was pitifully short after all the work he had put on it. He could and did attack the contract on the ground that Rogulsky was a foreigner and not sufficiently acquainted with the language to be a competent signer. He could and did allege that, since Rogulsky had paid three-quarters of the assessed value of the farm, any contract that would cause a forfeiture of that money was inequitable; and he cited precedents to show that the contract might legally be set aside. He did not feel like bragging about his precedents, however, because he knew from his study how many more precedents there were for upholding similar contracts.

He needed his client on the stand to help show how little knowledge he really had of what he had signed. When he did not come Grover attempted to introduce testimony that he knew was immaterial, but that, if admitted, would have a certain emotional value. To show the good faith of the Rogulskys he proved the improvements of the place and squeezed into the records a hint of the pitifulness of their attempt at home-making. Inspired by his success, he tried to introduce pictures of the blisters on Mrs. Rogulsky's hands and the doctor's testimony as to her condition and Rogulsky's attempt to work too soon after the accident. The opposition objected, and the judge sustained the objection.

In spite of the refusal Grover glowed inwardly. He had surprised an expression on the judge's face and a hint of one on Sneed's, which showed that the effort was not wasted. He dropped the photographs of the place and of Mrs. Rogulsky's hands on the table before Sneed and asked for an adjournment till after dinner that he might get in touch with his client.

The judge called the two lawyers to the bench. To the company's lawyer, he said: "I see by your brief that you are going to rest your case on the contract, the precedent cases where it has been upheld, caveat emptor, and an attack on the plaintiff of incompetence. Have you anything else since you filed the brief?"

"No, sir."

"Then I would suggest that you two men

get together this noon and reach some sort of compromise. If you can not, I shall find for the plaintiff. I am convinced that he has tried to live up to the terms of the contract, and the principles of equity frown on the forfeiture of relatively large payments as in this case when the plaintiff's hands are clean. The history of this form of contract and of your firm is that the greater number of times that a place changes hands the greater the profit to the seller. That in itself is sufficient to cast doubt on your good faith in drawing so one-sided a contract and finding your clients among so ignorant a class of people."

"We will appeal."
"That is your privilege. Court is adjourned till two o'clock."

Grover went to the telephone, but failed to find out about the Rogulskys. When he came out of the booth Mr. Sneed and his lawyer were waiting.

"You have started something, young fellow," said Mr. Sneed. "Harris here tells me

that there is no doubt about the law, that we can lick you on appeal, but I am wondering. That judge seems pretty level-headed, and I don't think he would go off half cocked. Besides, I don't want this case on the records against us, even if we couldn't lose on appeal. We have a lot of contracts like this one, and a decision against us would bring them all into court, and that might prove embarrassing. You two cook up a contract that will suit the judge and give us time to look things over. This contract has not worked well lately, and it is just possible that we shall have to moderate it in self-defense. Besides,"—for the first time a warm and human look came on his face,—"*I am pretty hard-boiled, but the thought of that woman's working so hard in that condition got under my skin. I guess she has earned a better deal.*"

Grover wanted to shout. He took Harris into an anteroom and an hour later came out with a contract that would insure the

company a fair profit and also give the Rogulskys a fair chance and prevent undue pressure in case they again had troubles. As they stepped into the hall he saw his client hurrying toward him, grinning broadly.

"Eets a boy!" he announced as soon as he was within twenty feet. "Hees mama name heem Grover Hadley Rogulsky."

Grover flushed in embarrassment. "Don't you want to know how the case came out?" he demanded.

"Yes. But you say you see what you can do, so I know eets a right."

Harris laughed ruefully. "There is confidence for you, but it isn't misplaced. You folks out here have a way of taking care of one another."

"That's so," thought Grover, "and they are a mighty fine set of folks to belong to."

Then they went into the judge's chamber. There were two other men there, but Grover took the contract to the judge and got his approval almost without noticing

them. Then he was amazed to discover that the two other members of the friendly trio, who had been chatting with the abandon of old friends, were the squire and Judge Lucian Stoughten, the man he had hoped to work for in New York.

Without hesitation he strode across the floor to him and exclaimed: "I am glad you are here, Mr. Stoughten. I have decided not to come to New York. I seem to belong here."

The squire roared with laughter. Then he nudged the dignified New Yorker in the ribs. "What did I tell you, Lucy, you old scoundrel? I knew he was bred wrong to run off and leave us in the lurch!"

At last Grover was in the open. Rogulsky had his new contract and was on his way to his Gretchen and his little Grover Hadley, and Grover himself was speeding to the little house on the hill where two old folk whose eyes were going to lose that wistful look forever were waiting for him.

ALECK'S TEST

By Roe L. Hendrick

NO guide to the Adirondacks puts Aleck's Test among the attractions of the region. Except to a little group of friends Aleck's Test is absolutely unknown, yet to two of them it is as real as Mt. Marcy or the Ausable Chasm and of vastly greater importance. After you have passed through Pokamoonshine Notch south-bound over the fine Montreal highway you can see it on your right high up on the granite precipice perhaps half a mile away. But you will need to have sharp eyes or a pair of field glasses to distinguish anything except the lofty grayish yellow wall of rock thinly fringed with trees above and pricked out with a stunted growth clinging precariously to a tiny ledge. Nevertheless, the narrow ledge is there, running diagonally down the almost vertical face of the mountain till it connects with a knifelike ridge that leads to the floor of the valley.

Some years ago Aleck Forbes came up from Albany to spend the midsummer months at Fairview Inn. He was in his twentieth year, stood more than six feet in height, weighed at least a hundred and seventy-five pounds and abounded in physical vigor. And yet, though well past childhood, he was far short of being a man. There was a queer twist in Aleck's mental and moral make-up. The preceding fall he had gone to Cornell, planning to be a doctor. Starting with the required preliminary studies, he had made a good showing, for he was better than the ordinary student. Then one day he had watched a minor operation. When the scalpel cut into the tissue Aleck turned away, faint and sickened, and had to be led from the room.

Some of the students present laughed, but his friend, Martin Abbott, was more sympathetic. "Lots of us feel that way at first," he said; "I suppose it's a natural human revulsion. But we get used to it. You would too."

"Not in a million years!" cried Aleck, throwing out his hands. "No medical course for me!"

He made many inquiries during the next few weeks, wondering how he should revise his plans. No harm had been done, he said to himself. Perhaps he had best decide on some form of engineering; civil engineering appealed to him. The courses that he was taking would lead naturally to that; he could add a little mathematics.

Being strong and vigorous, he was called out for football practice and went willingly enough. The game was rough, but he was sure that he should get to like it; for one reason or another he never had gone in for it at high school. One afternoon the scrub lines came together with more than usual vigor, and when Aleck crawled out from the resulting tangle his sweater was wet with blood from the nose of the man whose face had been jammed against his shoulder. The student who was hurt was laughing, but again Aleck turned white, and the hill above Percy Field seemed to swing before him in a half circle. Careless of questions, he tore off the bloody sweater, beat a hasty retreat to the dressing room and hurried from the field. "No more football for me!" he said fervently.

Civil engineering continued to be his goal till, standing one evening at the railing of the upper Fall Creek bridge, an acquaintance

who was taking the course described to him the field work of the preceding afternoon. "You ran lines right along the edge of those gorges?" Aleck asked with widening eyes.

"Sure. I suppose they've all been surveyed, like the quadrangle and the Ag. farm, at least a hundred times; but it's a brand new job for each succeeding class."

"There isn't money enough in the state to hire me to take a level or carry a chain down at the edge of that cliff! What if anyone fell?"

"Well, he'd get hurt," said the other, grinning. "But what's the sense in falling? That isn't a part of the course."

"It would be the part I'd take if I went down there," Aleck declared with conviction and decided then and there that civil engineering did not appeal to him.

In a small college his fellow students might have shamed him out of his weakness, but in the large university they simply ignored him. He went his way without comment, and that was the easiest way, the way that avoided difficulties and dangers of all kinds. Morally he was growing up a weakling. He was not a man or even a normal boy.

There were a score of regular boarders at the Fairview Inn besides occasional transients, mostly "week-enders." Conditions were vastly different from what they are, now, for automobiles were virtually unknown, and the roads were few and poor. The amusements of the summer guests were confined to tennis and croquet near the inn, with a somewhat wider range of walking, riding, mountain climbing, boating and fishing and frequent picnics. There was no golf course within fifty miles, and no baseball short of the larger towns, all of which were a considerable distance away. The guests at the inn were thrown largely on their own resources.

Aleck played both tennis and croquet, though without enthusiasm. He also fished occasionally, but his chief amusement was walking. To tell the truth he was not very companionable and often preferred to be alone. There were only three other young men among the guests at the inn; the natural leader was Fred Barstow, a thin, wiry youth with red hair and unbounded energy. He and Aleck did not like each other very well, though they had no serious clashes.

One morning Aleck came down to a late breakfast and to his astonishment found Fred still lingering at the table.

"Do you know what the bunch have done?" Fred demanded.

"Haven't the slightest idea," said Aleck indifferently. "What have they done?"

"Taken every rig here and started for Port Kent before we were up. They're going across the lake to Burlington."

"Well," said Aleck, yawning, "I hope they have a good time. How does it happen you aren't along?"

"Overslept, just as you did."

Aleck shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose we might hike over to Keeseville and catch the noon train. We could meet 'em in Burlington before they start back."

"Not for me," said Fred emphatically. "If they didn't care enough for

my engaging society to wake me up, I'm not going to force myself upon them now that I'm awake. What do you say to a little stroll over Bear Mountain and so down to Long Lake? We can take a lunch and some tackle, have an hour or two for fishing and get back before dark."

Aleck agreed carelessly; then an idea occurred to him. "Any rock climbing?" he asked. "I don't go in for these dizzy stunts, you know."

Fred smiled wryly. "Sure, I know," he agreed. "There's a trail up through the woods a five-year-old could follow. I suggested that way only because it's nearer and has a fine view."

Aleck nodded and went to get his heavy shoes. When he returned he found Fred swinging a lunch box by a long strap across one shoulder. Selecting a couple of jointed rods, Aleck followed him out upon the lawn.

Once clear of the hotel grounds, their way led across a stony pasture and thence over a wide stretch of bare white sand thinly sprinkled with young pine trees. Slowly the sand changed to turf; thickets of deciduous trees appeared, and the path began to rise.

The day was warm and Aleck soon was thirsty. "Did you bring any water?" he asked.

"No; but I've got some iced tea in a bottle. We shan't need it till lunch, though, for I know where there are a couple of good springs, one on this slope and one beyond."

The woods thickened; beech and white birch succeeded pine and fir only to give place to them again higher up. Then they came to the first spring at the head of a narrow gorge. Aleck drank his fill, for he knew that several hours would elapse before

they could reach the second spring. Fred was ahead, climbing like a cat, and Aleck followed doggedly, determined not to be distanced. Now they were clear of the tall trees, crossing a succession of upland valleys and ridges invisible from below.

Aleck did not particularly enjoy the climb, but there was nothing alarming about it. The worst that could be said was that it was hard and thirsty work. Huge boulders began to show their heads above the scanty turf, and presently they came upon a bog deeply pitted with deer tracks. Beyond was another sharp rise, and then a breathless scramble through a fringe of dwarf evergreens, which brought them out upon a surface of flat rock perhaps a half acre in extent, the summit of the highest peak of the long mountain ridge.

The view was superb. Stretching away to north and south, visible through gaps between mountains, Lake Champlain lay sparkling in the sunshine. Beyond were the Green Mountains, a succession of irregularly placed wooded mounds lifted against the eastern horizon. To the west Whiteface showed its marvel peak above the waters of Lake Placid, and a score of mountains, nameless to the onlookers, reared their heads in a great, broken semicircle. Nearer at hand were tiny fields and houses, the habitations of pygmies, the trailing smoke from a hurrying train and three blue mountain lakes set down amid the woods.

"This is fine!" said Aleck with momentary enthusiasm. Then he added: "But, just as I expected, I'd cheerfully give a dollar for another drink of water."

He caught another glimpse of Fred's wry smile. "Well," said Fred, "it rained hard last night. Look over there." He pointed to a

"They can't hear what you say," Fred remarked with feeble bitterness



shallow pool twenty feet across, imprisoned in a depression of the rocky floor on which they were standing.

"Is it fit to drink?" Aleck asked.

"Of course; it's perfectly fresh. I've chanced it when the water was a week old. It wasn't very appetizing then, I'll admit, but it quenched thirst, and away up here there are few things to contaminate water. Watch me."

He threw himself upon his face and drank deeply. Aleck followed suit; he was too thirsty to be fastidious, and the water tasted sweet and was not so warm as he had expected. Then he seated himself upon a broken ledge for a longer look about him. On three sides the mountain sloped away beneath him; to the southeast it was cut squarely off, and far below on that side he saw a ribbon of road and a team slowly jogging along it. At the same moment his companion walked deliberately to the edge and seated himself, with his legs swinging over the precipice.

"Come here and we'll eat," said Fred, grinning wickedly as he detached the lunch box from its strap.

"I'd go hungry a long time before I ate there," Aleck retorted. "Come on back, Fred; you make me nervous."

The red-haired youth began deliberately to eat a sandwich. "It's just as easy to sit here as in a chair," he remarked over one shoulder. "You don't fall off chairs, do you?"

"Chairs aren't seven or eight hundred feet up from the floor, and you have something to rest your feet upon," Aleck argued. "And people have been known to fall from chairs. In that case it's usually a joke; it wouldn't be any joke to tumble from where you are."

"Forbes," said Fred, "do you know that you make me sick?" His tone was deliberately provocative. "Think of a fellow your size afraid of poking his nose over a veranda railing! I've been watching you for a couple of weeks, and you keep making me sicker all the time. That was one reason why I got you to come up here. After I've finished my lunch I'm going down this way, where the Indians used to go, and you can follow me like a man or go back the way we came like a baby."

Aleck flushed, but he had been laughed at, if not actually taunted, before, and he kept his temper. "I once saw a painter walk along the coping at the edge of the State Capitol roof and laugh at a number of us boys for not daring to follow," he said. "Well, nothing happened then, but two weeks later he broke his fool neck."

"You'll never break yours," Fred retorted, carefully peeling a peach. "Here, eat your lunch and go back like a good boy!"

He tossed the box a yard behind him, carelessly shifted to one side to grasp the trunk of a dwarf balsam, missed it and—disappeared.

Aleck heard a muffled cry and sprang to his feet, gasping and trembling. "Probably he's fooling me—trying to get a rise out of me!" he muttered, but without conviction; the cry had been altogether too realistic.

For an instant he hesitated, listening but hearing nothing more; then he crept forward as near the edge of the precipice as he could force himself to go. Clutching the trunk of the little tree that Fred had missed, he peered below. Down, down, down went the almost vertical wall till it ended in a heap of fallen rubbish at the bottom. The drop was not quite sheer, and there were a few perceptible breaks and a dozen or more gnarled trees clinging to footholds here and there. Against one of them he saw something wedged behind a slender trunk and recognized the blue and white sweater that Fred had been wearing. It was motionless and at least forty feet below him. From the bottom it would have seemed almost at the summit.

Aleck shouted twice, but there was no response. He drew back, climbed dizzily to his feet and started to run toward the beginning of the trail by which they had ascended. Within a dozen paces he halted abruptly. If he went back to the inn or even to the nearest house, it would take hours to procure help, and he doubted that Fred could be reached at all from the bottom. Reluctantly and still trembling, he turned back and nerved himself to look over the edge again.

For a full minute he stared downward, and then he shouted Fred's name. The crumpled

bundle wedged behind the tree stirred feebly—or was it only his imagination? No, it stirred again.

"Keep still!" Aleck shouted. "Keep still or you'll fall! I'm coming!"

Even as he spoke he found himself grasping the tree and lowering his feet over the edge. The weathered slab of rock was creased with cracks, into one of which he thrust his toes. He did not dare to look down, for his head was swimming; even when he stared fixedly at the rock within three inches of his eyes he could feel the void beneath him. But now he had a firm handhold and had dropped a yard lower.

The Indians went that way, Fred had asserted. It was more likely, thought Aleck, that no one, red or white, had ever been such a fool before! But already he was a dozen feet below the top and certain he could not return. Lower and lower he went, clutching at crevices with bleeding fingers; his teeth were set, his eyes stared fixedly at the wall. Before he realized it the branches of the evergreen were brushing his legs. In a moment more he slipped down beside Fred upon the ledge.

Carefully he turned the body over, repressing a shudder, for Fred's face was caked with blood, and one arm hung helpless. "How bad are you hurt?" he asked.

"Arm and nose smashed anyhow," said the other thickly. "Wipe my eyes out, won't you? I can't see."

With his handkerchief Aleck cleared the other's eyes. Fred drew up his feet. "My legs are all right, I guess," he said, "but my head keeps going round, and I'm as weak as a cat."

Aleck cautiously helped him to a sitting posture behind the tree. Then daring to glance at the valley, he saw a wagon in the road below. It seemed very near from that height, and he shouted and fluttered the bloody handkerchief. A girl or a woman seated beside the driver waved her hand.

"Help! We want help!" Aleck roared.

Again the hand waved gayly. "They can't hear what you say," Fred remarked with feeble bitterness. "She thinks we're climbers flirting with her."

The wagon continued to roll on; its occupants paid no further heed to them.

"Have people really gone this way before?" Aleck asked.

"Why, sure! That was what I was planning to do when I got careless and slipped. The worst of the climb is from the top down to here; this ledge goes down to that ridge; but it's very narrow in two or three places."

Aleck stooped and unbuckled the strap that had held the lunch box. "Throw your sound arm round my neck," he ordered, fastening the strap about them both; the end barely caught in the buckle.

"You can't make it," Fred muttered. "There's no sense in both of us getting killed. Go on and get help; I can stick it out behind this tree."

"Shut up!" said Aleck, and somehow the crisp civility gave both of them courage.

More than words can tell he dreaded to leave the shelter of the little tree, but in a moment he found himself erect and feeling his way a yard or two at a time along the ledge. For one thing he gave silent thanks—his strength. His muscles seemed tireless. But the smell of warm blood so close to his nostrils, the feel of it on his cheek, was horrible. And yet it helped to distract his attention from the yawning void at his right.

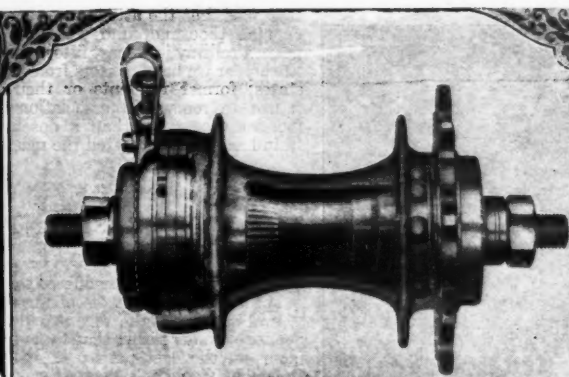
He was three hundred feet lower and the afternoon was half over when he staggered out upon the ridge and put his burden down. Fred insisted upon having the strap removed, and when they started again they walked side by side. They went slowly, and Aleck had to support Fred, but now they had no danger to face but only to show endurance. At sunset they halted beside the road, and half an hour later had been picked up and were being carried to the inn.

The surgeon had finished with Fred and was preparing to go when he paused to compliment Aleck on his courage. Aleck said little; he still held Fred's hand, to which he had clung throughout the tedious and sickening operation.

"You're a student, I hear," said the physician. "What are you planning to make of yourself?"

"A doctor," Aleck responded, looking him square in the eye.

DRAWINGS BY
LEAL MACK



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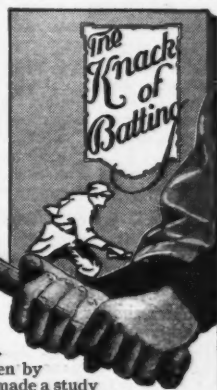
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WIDE WORLD PHOTO



Dr. William Beebe on board the Arcturus gathering specimens of marine life with a net

FACT AND COMMENT

NOTHING HELPS A MAN more than knowing that some one has faith in him.

Let Sluggards boast of Feats that they have seen;
I'd rather play One Game than watch Fifteen.

TIME PRESERVES NOTHING that is made without its help.

A **COLLEGE EDUCATION** is a good thing to have, but the hardship that prevents a young man from going to college may be the making of him.

THE **MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES** now has the ring with which M. Clemenceau sealed the famous treaty in 1919, and it is a ring that had an interesting history even before that. Charles Naundorff, who maintained that he was Louis XVII of France, gave it to Jules Favre, who became foreign minister, and M. Favre used it to seal the armistice of 1871 at Versailles, because Bismarck was unwilling to wait until the state seal could be brought from Paris.

A **ST. BERNARD DOG** acted as a reception committee of one in the little mining village of White Horse, Alaska, not long ago. A tourist tells the story: "As we alighted in the town we were met by a large curly-haired St. Bernard dog; he carried a sign that read: 'Reception Committee of White Horse. Welcome. Shake.' We stretched out our hand, and the smiling dog with the massive head and the kindly eyes raised a powerful paw for our hand clasp. At a slight squeeze of his foot he welcomed each one by a hoarse bark, which immediately set all the male-mutes in the village to barking."

AN **ORGAN** with which King James II entertained himself while he and his army were encamped outside London in the year 1687 for the purpose of overawing religious rioters within the city arrived in this country a few weeks ago. A firm in New York had bought it. The organ is square and has a false front, pierced and carved, and with dummy pipes painted on it. The keyboard has four octaves and forty-three notes and diapason, cornet, sesquialter, principal, twelfth and fifteenth stops. The lower half of the instrument, except for two small panels that are decorated with cupids and represent "Music" and "Singing," shows scenes in East India. The large panels in front evidently represent episodes in the life of a princess. In one she is seated on a camel led by a guide armed with a spear. In another she is alighting from a camel in an oasis.

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO we printed an account of the annual Sunday-school picnic at North Orwell, Pennsylvania, where between eight thousand and ten thousand people gather. From an interested reader we learn of a similar celebration that is quite as remarkable. It is held by the Methodist Episcopal Church at Moorefield, Switzerland County, Indiana, on the last Saturday of August; it has been held on that date ever since it began in 1863. "For a number of years," says our informant, who is one of the founders, "all Sunday schools, regardless of denomination, for miles round were invited to take part, and often ten or fifteen schools attended. Of later years only two or three

take part, but the attendance reaches eight or nine thousand, and this although the nearest railway is at least fifteen miles away. Each year we have visitors from far-distant states; former residents or their children return to renew old associations. Of the founders not more than a dozen survive. Rain has never prevented the meeting."

THE VICE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE

INAUGURATION day offered the unusual spectacle of a nation discussing the inaugural address of the Vice President in the Senate chamber rather than that of the President on the east portico of the Capitol. President Coolidge's address was excellent in matter and delivery; it was well worth listening to and reading, but it contained little for which the people were not prepared. It urged once more the necessity of economy, an issue that the President has made particularly his own; it disclosed a state of mind favorable to friendly coöperation with the European nations, and in particular it recommended that we participate in the World Court. It was full of sound patriotism and sound sense. No one had any fault to find with it.

But Mr. Dawes in his inaugural troubled the waters of Senatorial complacency with an energetic hand. His speech, unusually assertive and emphatic for a Vice-Presidential utterance, was made still more remarkable by the acrobatic, unrestrained manner of delivery that is characteristic of him. It was not long; it wasted no words; it was a crisp and crackling demand that the Senate amend the rules that permit a Senator to speak at any length on any subject and virtually at any time, without considering the question before the house, the state of the public business or the desire of the rest of the Senate to close the debate and come to a vote.

The Senators, or some of them, were very much shocked that a Vice President, who is expected to confine himself to making parliamentary rulings when such rulings are needed, should venture to instruct them in their duty to the American public; and they were still more agitated by the unconventional manner in which the instructions were delivered. For perhaps the first time Washington was actually excited over a Vice-Presidential speech, and the newspapers all had lively editorials the next day upon Mr. Dawes's remarks.

What effect those remarks will have is not yet clear; very likely none at all. The Senate is a curious body. There is no other legislative chamber in which the members have so high a conception of their personal importance. They have built up a system of rules that, as Mr. Dawes pitifully said, show more consideration for the privileges of the individual Senator than for the proper discharge of the nation's business. This last session like most others came to an end on March fourth with the Senate, through its own rules, made impotent to act upon half a dozen matters of importance. The people of the United States, although they may smile at the description of General Dawes's manner of addressing the Senate, will be pleased that he had the courage to tell the dignified Senators to their faces what everyone has long thought of the encouragement they persist in giving to the obstinate filibuster who uses his privileges to defeat the will of his colleagues and to obstruct the conduct of the business he and they are sworn to discharge.

Yet there is this to be said for the Senate: a change in the rules would mean more legislation, but bad bills as well as good ones would go through with the current. Perhaps we are about as well off in the long run with nothing much passing through the legislative hopper except the necessary appropriations.

RECORD-BREAKING

TO break a "record" is the ambition of the youthful athlete, and the height of his ambition is measured by the kind of record that he aspires to break. If he is not a really notable athlete, to beat the record of the boy next door is likely to be his immediate aim; if he is an athlete of conspicuous ability, he wants and hopes to excel the mark set by the ablest among his classmates; if he is an exceptionally brilliant athlete, he may even cherish the ambition to

break the best record made in the school. As for establishing new world's records, dreams of what such glory must be have probably visited the head of every idle hero-worshiper.

Recently the attention of people in this country has been attracted to the performances of athletes who have established new world's records in distance running. With the feats of Nurmi, Ritola and Hahn not only the boy hero-worshippers but also the adults who ordinarily give little heed to sports are familiar. Those extraordinary exploits lead one to ask at what points records will be established that no human being can excel. Such a point has probably been very nearly if not quite reached in the sprints. At long intervals of time a runner capable of equaling the present record for the hundred-yards dash may appear, but it is on the whole less likely that anyone will ever exceed it than that the records set by Nurmi and Hahn, amazing as they are, will be excelled. There must come a time when in every branch of athletics the maximum of human achievement will have been reached and world's records will have been made that will stand forever. In a number of athletic events that time cannot be remote.

To do a thing better than anyone else can do it or has done it must produce a feeling of immense satisfaction, but perhaps it is not much greater than the satisfaction that a person feels who after repeated trials acquires the ability to do a thing better than he himself has ever done it before. The ambition to improve on one's own performance rather than to excel that of others is on the whole the more worthy and fruitful ambition. Nurmi has become a holder of world's records not by keeping his eye jealously on the records that others had established but by consistently striving always to better his own best achievements.

BRUSHING

IT has been said that dirt is merely matter out of place. If that is so, one gets at times an impression that it is a terribly misplaced universe. To the weary house-keeper it seems as if life were merely a struggle against dirt, to get rid of the dimming, tarnishing superficialities that is continually settling from somewhere over the orderly, shining perfection that it has cost so much labor to achieve. The effort to create some new beauty or some new usefulness is always satisfying, but the effort merely to maintain,—the expenditure of thought and strength to repel the constant intrusion of moth and rust and decay,—that is what wearies, what discourages, what takes the hope out of the heart and the sunshine out of the sky.

Yet we keep up the fight, because we have to. Life, after all, is a combat with the forces of degradation and deterioration, and to weary, or to submit, is a momentary symptom of death. Matter gets out of place with a fatal, instinctive perversity, and we keep up an eternal struggle to get it in again, or at any rate to get it out of the place where it is obnoxious to us. In that struggle one of the most magnificent agents and symbols is the brush. Brushing renovates the world. We can use the brush from the feet to the head and make a new man. Brush your shoes, brush your hair, brush all between, and see what an enormous difference it makes in your sense of respectability. As we get older and feel more the burden of perpetual fighting and resent its weariness, we are too likely to neglect the business of the brush. We should not. The brush rejuvenates as well as renovates, and a well-brushed coat makes age tolerable, as the opposite too often accentuates it.

Also, there are those who brush their clothes carefully, but neglect to brush the spirit. Not only brush the dust from your garments, but brush the dust of convention from your soul, the dust of old prejudices and narrow, mean selfishness, so that the inner man may be fresh and clean and tidy as the outer. Well and carefully and faithfully brushed, you may face the world and play your part in it with decent self-respect.

WANTED: ANOTHER BETSY ROSS

IT must have been a budding feminist in that New York school who wrote the now famous three-act drama based on the story of Betsy Ross. The promptness with which Betsy in the only practical way solved the

problem that men had merely talked about contains a moral of such significance that it deserves to be proclaimed anew.

ACT I

Characters: Soldiers of the Revolutionary Army.

First soldier: "Fellers, do you know this country of ours ain't got no flag?"

Other soldiers: "We know it; ain't it fierce?"

ACT II

Characters: Soldiers and George Washington.

Soldiers: "George, do you know this country of ours ain't got no flag?"

George Washington: "I know it, fellers; ain't it fierce?"

ACT III

Characters: Betsy Ross and George Washington.

George Washington: "Betsy, do you know this country of ours ain't got no flag?"

Betsy Ross: "I know it, George. You just mind the baby a minute, and I'll make the flag."

This prompt and direct method is hereby commended to others who are discussing difficult problems; for example, the problem of unemployment, which has been discussed with vastly greater prolixity but with no better results than the problem of the flag in the drama. The discussion might be cast in some such dramatic form as this:

ACT I

Scene: A popular forum.

Characters: A group of sociologists.

First sociologist: "Say, fellers, do you know there are lots of folks in this country that ain't got no jobs?"

Other sociologists: "We know it; ain't it fierce? Let's have it investigated."

ACT II

Scene: Legislative chamber.

Characters: Sociologists and legislators.

First sociologist: "Say, legislators, do you know there are lots of folks in this country that ain't got no jobs?"

Legislators in chorus: "We know it; ain't it fierce? We'll investigate it."

ACT III

Scene: Legislative committee room.

Characters: Sociologists, legislators, high-brow loafers and John Smith.

First legislator: "Gentlemen, we are here to investigate why there are so many people in this country that ain't got no jobs. I have called John Smith, the well-known manufacturer, as our first witness. (Turning to Mr. Smith) Say, Mr. Smith, do you know there are lots of folks in this country that ain't got no jobs?"

John Smith: "Sure, I know it. You fellers let me alone and I'll hire some of them."

THE SARGASSO SEA

WHEN the fathers and mothers of the boys and girls who are now going to school were school children themselves they used to see in their geographies a wide stretch of the North Atlantic Ocean marked Sargasso Sea. The teacher told them that the great expanse was a field of floating, drifting seaweed, collected there as in an eddy by the action of the oceanic currents that swept by on either side. Mariners long had implicit confidence in the existence of the "sea," which seems first to have been heard of some seven hundred years before Christ, when certain Phœnician sailors who had ventured out into the Atlantic, came home with astonishing stories of masses of sea plants through which they had sailed, with branches strong enough to crack the ribs of their galleys.

The Phœnician stories having proved to be mere sailors' yarns, the whole sea came to be regarded in later years as more or less a myth, for ships frequently sailed from end to end of it without encountering any weeds at all, though others did report beds of floating vegetation not thick enough seriously to impede navigation.

The Sargasso Sea is at present undergoing the most thorough scientific examination that it has ever received. The steamship Arcturus, dispatched by the New York Zoological Society, carries a group of scientific investigators led by the famous naturalist, Dr. William Beebe. When the Arcturus comes back we shall know a good deal more about the mysterious sea than we ever knew before.

What seems to be certain is that there is a

quantity of weed to be found in the mid-Atlantic; not the rockweed such as we are familiar with on our sea coasts, but a variety of drifting stuff, kept afloat by myriads of little air bladders, and blown hither and yon by the storms that pass over the Atlantic. There is no coherent mass of it, but there are patches of greater or less extent that now tend to unite and again are torn apart by the action of wind and wave. The patches are driven about a great deal; you may encounter them almost anywhere between the Bermudas, the Azores, the Canaries and the northern West Indies. They swarm with fish, some of familiar kinds and some that are almost unknown to science. The Arcturus has already dredged up from the depths far below the weed a curious fish that Dr. Beebe says has scales like hair or feathers and another that has fins shaped like hands. It will be a queer cargo that the expedition brings back to New York.

It is interesting to hear also that the Arcturus has found quantities of the ribbonlike young of the common fresh-water eel. That helps to confirm the extraordinary discoveries of the Danish naturalist Schmidt, who says that the mature eels, when breeding-time comes, leave the rivers and ponds in which they live, descend to the sea and swim one, two or three thousand miles to that part of the Atlantic south and east of the Bermudas, where they spawn—a singular habit in direct contradiction to that of such fish as the salmon and smelt, which live in the salt water but ascend the fresh-water streams to breed. It is in the depths of the Sargasso Sea that all the eels are born, whether they are later found in the Severn or the Hudson, the Elbe or the Delaware, the Loire or the Connecticut.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

STORIES FOR GIRLS

In looking over the schedule for the next month the reader will be struck by the unusually interesting and attractive picture of the American girl that it presents.

Such stories as *Muddy Creek Overflows*, printed next week, and *Dry Sedge*, *Jess Meets Adventure*, *Silver-Tongued Speakers* and *Dakin and the Seals*, in the following issues, have heroines that combine charm with courage, sense and character.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE astronomers at the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California report that they have succeeded in measuring the diameter of the star Mira, which they find to be of gigantic size. They set the figure at approximately 250,000,000 miles. What that means you can imagine by recalling that the diameter of the earth is only 8000 miles. But one other star, Antares, is known to be larger than Mira, which is so far away that the light from it, though it travels 186,000 miles a second, takes 165 years to reach the earth. The great star is, therefore, not an impressive object to the naked eye; indeed, it is sometimes invisible and is usually no brighter than the eighth magnitude; but there are times when it blazes up to the third or second magnitude, for Mira is an extremely variable star. It has a period of about eleven months and when at its maximum is several hundred times as bright as it is at its minimum. That is why the old astronomers called it Mira,—the wonderful,—for its extraordinary flashes of brilliance aroused their wonder.

THERE has arisen in Mexico, as in Russia, a church that denies the authority of the church that was formerly established. In Mexico the established church was of course the Roman Catholic. The new denomination calls itself the Mexican Catholic Apostolic Church. It retains the forms and the ritual of the Roman Church, but declares itself to be national in character and free from any allegiance to the Roman pontiff and curia. It is said that the government regards the new church favorably and that the Mexican Federation of Labor has formed some sort of alliance with it. Among other divergences from Roman Catholic practice, it means to permit its priests to marry if they wish to. We do not know how many congregations of the Apostolic Church there are—probably not a great many yet. The "patriarch" is a man named Joaquin Perez.

THE President recommends that the United States subscribe to the protocol that established the World Court without necessarily moving any nearer to membership in the League of Nations. The House of Representatives has voted, 301 to 28, that that is what the United States should do. No one knows precisely how the Senate stands in the matter. That house has been, of course, the obstacle in the way of our adhering to the World Court: many of the most influential Senators were determined that not even to that extent should we recognize the international organization provided for in the Treaty of Versailles. Some of the strongest opponents of the course advised first by President Harding and then by President Coolidge are no longer members of the Senate, but the feeling in Washington is that there are enough of them left to prevent the Senate from acting on the recommendation, even if it desired to act.

IT seems to be agreed that the earthquake that recently visited almost the whole eastern half of the continent had its origin in rock strata in Quebec, along the fault line known as Logan's fault. Some authorities at first believed that the slipping strata lay under the sea somewhere between Nova Scotia and Boston; but the greater severity of the shocks reported from the country along the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers and the fact that the quakes recurred there for several days, though elsewhere they did not recur, make it very probable that that region was the real centre of disturbance. Seven people are reported to have died as a result of the shock in the Quebec towns, and several buildings, including a new stone church at St. Hilarion, were shaken down.

THE greater part of St. Paul's Cathedral in London is to be closed to the public until the pillars that support the great dome are strengthened. When the church was built the columns were not of solid stone but of rubble with a facing of stone. Now it is proposed to "grout" them. The workmen will make an opening in the facing and force liquid cement into the rubble until the whole is bound together into a solid concrete pillar. It may take two or three years to finish the job. Meanwhile the nave of the cathedral will be open and services will be held there.

FORTY years ago, after Chile had beaten Peru in war, Peru ceded to Chile certain territory and the right to administer temporarily the affairs of the district of Tacna-Arica. There was to be a plebiscite at the end of ten years to determine the final possession of the district, but for one reason or another the plebiscite has never been held, and the dispute over the disposition of the territory has more than once menaced friendly relations between the two countries. At length both nations agreed to leave the matter to the President of the United States. President Harding died before he could give his decision, and President Coolidge assumed the responsibility. He has now made his award, which calls for a plebiscite to be taken as soon as possible, and to that extent his award is favorable to Chile, for the Chileans in Tacna-Arica probably outnumber the Peruvians. The dispute over the precise boundaries of the region the President settles in accordance with the contention of Peru—at least the northern boundary. The popular vote will be taken under the supervision of three commissioners, one appointed by Chile, one by Peru, and one by the United States.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE FORGETFUL EASTER RABBIT

By Ethelwyn Culver

AS Mary Lucile Gray looked over the green hedge that divided her yard from that of Martha Ellen Bell she felt sad. Ever since Martha Ellen and Mary Lucile had been old enough to go to kindergarten the Easter Rabbit had left many beautifully colored eggs in Martha Ellen's yard and only one or two rather plain ones in Mary Lucile's yard. One Easter there had been none at all for Mary Lucile. She often wondered why the Easter Rabbit was so thoughtful of one little girl and so forgetful of another.

Tomorrow would be Easter, and she would have liked to go over on the other side of the hedge and look for eggs in Martha Ellen's yard; but her mother had told her that that was not at all the right thing to do unless she were invited. Besides, it would only make the Easter Rabbit angry.

So Mary Lucile tried to content herself with looking over the hedge into Martha Ellen's yard and wondering whether the Easter Rabbit would bring Martha Ellen as much this year as he had brought her before.

Martha Ellen, looking from the window, saw her little neighbor, and she said to her mother: "Mother, the Easter Rabbit must forget Mary Lucile. He hardly ever leaves much in her yard."

"I am sorry," said her mother. "With so many girls and boys to visit I suppose he must be in a great hurry."

"I wish we could do something about it," said Martha Ellen.

"You might give her some of the eggs that the Easter Rabbit leaves for you," said her mother.

"Oh, I did that last year," said Martha Ellen, "but it isn't the same thing for her as finding them in her own yard. She thinks the Easter Rabbit doesn't like her very well or is angry about something she has done. Last summer there was a rabbit in her garden eating some lettuce and her mother said, 'Mary Lucile, do chase that rabbit from the garden,' and Mary Lucile did. Now she thinks that perhaps it was the Easter Rabbit, and that that is why he is angry, because a rabbit, even an Easter Rabbit, has to live on something, you see."

"What do you think about it?" asked her mother.

"I think perhaps it was the Easter Rabbit," said Martha Ellen.

"That might explain it," replied her mother, "but I know of something we can do to make Mary Lucile feel better."

"Oh, what?" asked Martha Ellen.

"Early in the morning before Mary Lucile is up we can plan a surprise for her. Tonight we can dye some eggs in beautiful colors like those the Easter Rabbit leaves, and we can put them in her yard for her to find."

Martha Ellen jumped up and down in



Spring Song

By Winetta Patterson

H, beautiful Jenny,
I'll sing you a song—
I've sung you so many,
I've sung you so long,
I'm sure I'm improving.
I'm rippling up high—
I'm tossing up notes
to the limpid blue sky!
I'm catching a sunbeam
to limber my throat—
I'm tipsy and topsy
with note after note!
I think I'm a dawn cloud
all rosy, afloat
On the zephyrs of morning.
Such wonderful things
I see when I soar, for my
song it has wings!
I find this the glowingest,
merriest, fairest,
Dearest, dearest,
clearingest, nearingest,
Best of all
nest of all
other fair springs!

SOME THINGS THAT EASTER BRINGS

By Elsie Parrish



Easter duck and Easter chick,
Easter eggs with chocolate thick.

Easter hats for one and all,
Easter Bunny makes a call!

Happy Easter always brings
Such a lot of pleasant things.



AN EASTER GAME

By Arthur Guiterman

I saw beyond our garden wall
Among the daffodillies
Two bunnies playing cup-and-ball
With Easter eggs and lilies!



her pleasure and laughed and clapped her hands. "Oh, what fun!" she said. "Mary Lucile will think it was the Easter Rabbit."

That afternoon Martha Ellen and her mother went to the store and bought the most gorgeous dyes that they could find. They took them home and read the directions on the packages carefully and then began to prepare them. What fun they had dyeing the eggs—purple and sky blue and sunset yellow and rose, and then putting on beautiful pictures of Easter bonnets and rabbits and chickens.

When the eggs were finished Martha Ellen and her mother put them into handsome nests, and Martha Ellen thought the morning would never come. But it did come, and very early she took the nests into the yard where Mary Lucile lived and placed them in the kind of places where an Easter Rabbit would be most likely to leave them. Then she came home in a great hurry, for she did not want to be seen.

After Martha Ellen had looked in her own yard for the Easter Rabbit's nests she and her mother waited for Mary Lucile to begin to look in her yard. They watched from the window and before long Mary Lucile came into the yard to hunt. Martha Ellen clapped her hands in delight every time Mary Lucile was near a nest.

At last Mary Lucile found one, and then she found two or three more, and by that time she was so excited that she called her mother,—her mother seemed excited too,—and then she called Martha Ellen.

"Oh, Martha Ellen, do come and look at the pretty nests that I've found."

Martha Ellen and her mother went at once through the hedge into Mary Lucile's yard and saw the nests of eggs. They were excited too, and of course they pretended not to know anything about them.

"The Easter Rabbit seems to have been as good to you as he was to me this time," said Martha Ellen. "Maybe he was better to you, because he gave you that beautiful sugar egg with a picture inside it." (Martha Ellen knew just how beautiful it was, for she had put the picture inside it herself.)

"Oh, I am glad he is not angry with me," said Mary Lucile. "I was afraid he might have remembered about my driving him from the garden. It may not have been the Easter Rabbit anyway, but then, it may have been. You never can tell."

Martha Ellen giggled and said no, you never could.

At the end of the day Martha Ellen said to her mother: "Mother, I believe it's more fun to play being an Easter Rabbit than to have an Easter Rabbit visit me."

And Martha Ellen's mother said she thought so too.



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ARTHRITIS DEFORMANS

ARTHRITIS deformans, or rheumatoid arthritis, is a chronic inflammatory affection of the joints resulting in outgrowths and bony projections that cause deformity and that interfere more or less seriously with the movements of the limbs. It is a disease preëminently of middle life, from thirty to fifty years, though sometimes it occurs in children. Women suffer from it more often than men.

The disease is progressive; it begins usually in the joints of the hands and in the wrists and later attacks the ankles and the knees and sometimes other joints, even those of the jaw. In the more fortunate cases the process does not extend beyond the hands and the wrists, or other joints such as the knees or the hips may alone be affected. In typical cases the same joints on either side of the body suffer at the same time. There is also a spinal form, which is marked by flexion and stiffness of the spine, wasting of the back muscles, bony projections from the vertebrae and more or less backache.

The first symptoms may be inflammatory: the joints become hot, red and painful; but more commonly there are no active signs of trouble: the joints become gradually deformed and stiffen without severe pain. The finger joints become enlarged with bony outgrowths not so even in outline as the more rounded swellings of chronic gout; the fingers are bent away from the thumb; the middle knuckle is bent backward, the terminal joint is flexed, and the muscles of the hand are wasted.

The exciting cause is thought to be anything that depresses the vital forces—grief or worry, unhygienic conditions, insufficient or unwholesome food, exposure to cold and damp and insufficient sunlight. The underlying cause is believed to be an auto-infection; that is, the absorption of poisons from some focus of infection so-called. It may be in the teeth (pyorrhea, or root abscesses), in the tonsils, in the sinuses connected with the nose or in the intestinal canal. It may also be a small tuberculous spot in the lungs. The question of treatment must be reserved for a future article.



WOMEN ABOARD THE OLD SAILING PACKETS

CAPTAIN SAMUELS of the Dreadnought, one of the swiftest and most renowned of American vessels in the clipper-ship era, often took his wife to sea with him, and most of his children were born aboard that "flash packet of fame." The advent of the first baby was signalized, Miss Cicely Fox Smith reports in her recent Book of Famous Ships, by the serving of a double-decker sea pie, a delicacy that she proceeds to describe:

"A layer of salt pork, onions, potatoes and what not forms the first stratum; then comes a layer of paste, the sort you can get your teeth into; next another layer of meat and vegetables; and lastly a second crust on top of all. Sometimes even a third deck is added. Such a dish steaming hot from the galley was to hungry and sparsely fed men a repast for a king."

English captains also were often accompanied by their wives; and one canny dame whose husband commanded a ship in the Colonies trade used to turn her passengers' leisure to good account during the long voyage. "She always took on board with her a plentiful supply of the dress materials and trimmings in vogue at the time as well as some of the latest fashion books and patterns. Then she enlisted a dozen or so of the young women emigrants who were handy with the needle and set them to work to make up under her direction a stock of the latest fashionable models to display to the Colonial ladies at the port of arrival. It was no wonder that with so admirably resourceful a business woman to assist him the captain soon became part—indeed, principal—owner of his ships."



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April



THE BUFFALO

On April fields and pasture lands
remote
From realms that once he ruled,
poor exiled king!
The shaggy Bison sheds his winter
coat
And crops the first green blades
of early spring.

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

THE POPPIES

ONE of the most impressive things in the years after the war was the promptitude with which Nature began the work of restoration. She did not wait until treaties had been signed; she began right away with healing and redeeming ministries. Nothing perhaps was more wonderful than the poppies that flowered in amazing richness and profusion in the places where a year before the tide of battle had rolled. Of one shell-torn stretch of battle ground a correspondent wrote: "It is like some southern savanna or wonderfully rich and fertile prairie, an endless tapestry of brilliant colors woven into a background of green. The face of the ridge, which was soaked with blood a year ago, is scarlet now with poppies."

The poppy has come to be our flower of remembrance. We wear it on the day of remembrance and in silence call to mind the great debt of love under which we live. Yet it has a deeper significance. Its triumph and challenge are that it clothes the forlorn and desolate places with beauty. We are to see in the desert a potential garden, to believe that beyond the calamity there is a future and a hope. Europe had not been what it is today if man had learned the secret of the poppy.

Most impressive is the beauty with which men have clothed the personal desolations of life, have won gardens from tortured battlefields. A worker in the slums of the East End of London says that he could not keep on unless he almost daily read the vision of the New City in the Book of Revelation. Yet that vision of the city that shall be rose out of the ruins of a city destroyed. That book with its visions and spacious hopes was itself the outgrowth of lonely and unhappy exile. Milton's masterpiece blossomed in the desert of blindness, and Bunyan's was born in a prison. They were flowers that redeemed battlefields, lovely things born of calamity.

THE NEW CAR

"I THINK I'll buy a better car," remarked Bob Hampton as he wiped his trowel preparatory to stopping work for the day. "I know where I can get a peachero almost new for sixteen hundred dollars. Only five dollars a week to pay, and they'll take the old car as the first payment."

Old Turner Gill looked at Bob in a way that made the younger man feel a trifle uncomfortable. "Old car getting pretty well used up, is it?" he asked.

"Oh, no, but it's beginning to look a little dingy."

"How much money have you in the bank, Bob?"

Bob grinned ruefully. "I got a notice yesterday that my account was overdrawn. But this is pay day, you know; I'll pull down sixty bucks."

"How much of that sixty dollars will be yours?"

"Well, there is an overdraft of seven-fifty at the bank, a payment of five dollars on the baby grand and five dollars on the home. We owe the grocer about twenty dollars. Then there are some other little bills; I guess about fifteen dollars."

"About eight dollars to run a family of four for a week. H'm. Got your winter coal in?"

"No. I'll have to save enough for that out of next month's wages."

"If the work doesn't shut down. There's talk of a strike, you know. How much life insurance do you carry, Bob?"

"I thought of taking out some insurance, but the wife and I decided we couldn't spare the money just now. My health has always been perfect, and there's not much danger of an accident if you are careful."

"The other day," observed Turner Gill, "I read about a man who was walking carefully down the sidewalk. A jay driver came tearing

down the street at about sixty miles an hour. Something went wrong with the steering gear, and the car shot into the curb, overturned and killed the careful pedestrian. The fool driver escaped with a barked shin. It's a big job to be careful enough to make up for some other person's carelessness."

"In that case I suppose the family got hand-some damages?" said Bob.

"In that case the family didn't get anything! The jay driver didn't have anything for them to get. Of course you are not expecting to get sick or hurt or killed, but, supposing you should, what would become of your family?"

"I suppose the Lord would provide; the Bible says He will."

"The Lord is always ready to provide, but He does not agree to furnish any man's meals ready cooked. He has provided you with two hands, a strong body, a good job and splendid wages. He expects you to make provision during the fat years for the lean years that may follow."

HOW TO BARGAIN WITH AN INDIAN

ED MINGLE, who lived near the Lemhi Indian reservation in Idaho, planned to make a little money on the Fourth of July. He would hire Indians from the reservation and cowboys from the ranches and put them through a sham battle. The populace would gladly pay to watch it.

He should have no trouble in getting the cowboys; it would be fun for them. He rode out to the reservation and found the dignified old chief at the door of his lodge. Ed greeted him and, sitting down on one heel after the fashion of cowboys, began cautiously to work up to his subject. At last, after what he thought was the proper amount of circumlocution to satisfy Indian custom, he said:

"You give me three hundred young men. I buy shells. Then they ride, shoot, play fight. How much each man you send?"

The chief considered gravely; his eyes slyly studied Ed's face. "Mebbe so you buy shells?"

"I said so."

"Ugh! Five dollar."

"No," said Ed, turning on his heel. "Too much."

A wagon stood perhaps thirty paces from the lodge; Ed walked over to it, looking at his watch quietly on his way, and sat down on the ground in the shade. He did not look at the chief or speak again. The chief sat quietly in the oak rocker that he had bought in town. Ed whistled a stick and whistled softly. The chief made no sound and did not move a muscle. Neither one looked at the other.

An hour passed. Ed had stopped whistling, but he was still whistling, carving the stick into a rude resemblance to a dog's head. Stone could not have been more motionless than the chief.

Another hour went by, and the chief rolled his eyes to observe Ed. The white man seemed intent upon making his carving a work of art. Half an hour went by, and the chief rolled his head over his shoulder and looked at Ed. The promoter of sham battles did not notice the chief.

At last the chief shifted his position a trifle and said: "How six bits do?"

"All right," replied Ed, closing his knife and rising. "Six bits just right. Three hundred men on ponies. Barbecue beef, lots of bread, plenty coffee, mebbe so a barrel of candy."

The chief had the three hundred mounted men promptly on hand, and the sham battle was literally a howling success. Stuffed to repletion on barbecued beef, bread, coffee and candy, the three hundred were happy. The chief pocketed the cash.

"That is the only way to bargain with an Indian—wait until he gets tired of the strain and wants to act," Ed declared. "The drop from five dollars a man to six bits is characteristic."

FRIEND JACOB'S REVENGE

IN the old days when American merchantmen were famous throughout the ports of the world many tales, most of them true, were current in maritime and commercial circles of the ready wits and business shrewdness of the great Quaker shipowner, Jacob Barker. Irreproachably honest in dealing with honest men, Friend Jacob was not above sharp practice when it was a case of diamond cut diamond.

As one of his ships had been over-long out of port, he became anxious and decided to have her insured. But in the circumstances the insurance company demanded a high premium—extortionately high, he thought. He offered a lower figure and left them to think it over. That night a swift messenger brought him word that the vessel was a total loss. Next morning he drove to the insurance office and without leaving his carriage called to the secretary, who had come to the door:

"Friend, thee need not make out that policy; I've heard of the ship."

"Oh, but, Mr. Barker, sir," cried the cunning secretary, snatching at his opportunity as he saw it, "we have made out the policy already. When you left last evening we decided to accept your proposal, and the policy was made out at once. The office became liable, and you cannot refuse to take it."

Sure enough, he went within doors and returned with the policy in his hand, the ink on

which, as Friend Jacob did not fail to observe, was scarcely dry.

"Well, friend, if thee will have it so, I suppose I must take it," said the gentle Quaker with a sigh, putting it into his pocket. An hour later news of the lost ship became public, and everyone was laughing at the insurance company's self-invited loss.

Vengeance and vindictiveness are forbidden to the Friends, but when Jacob Barker once offered for discount at a Wall Street bank some perfectly sound business paper, which the board of directors for some trivial reason declined to consider, he was quite humanly annoyed. A few days later he appeared at the counter and presented forty thousand dollars of the bank's bills, which he demanded of the astonished officers should be immediately redeemed in specie. They in turn were annoyed. They complied, but the teller informed him that on such a sudden demand they could only supply it to him in small coin,—five-cent and ten-cent pieces,—and it was presently rolled out to him in forty kegs containing a thousand dollars each!

Friend Jacob was stumped, but not for long. He ordered the panting porter to unhead the casks, took a handful of coin from each and requested the teller to place the remainder again to his credit—which of course, in accordance with bank custom, involved counting the whole of it! It took the entire available bank force, sitting late into the night, to finish the job.

WHEN MRS. CLEVELAND VOUCHERED FOR MARK TWAIN

I WAS born heedless, admits Mark Twain in his autobiography, and therefore I was constantly and quite unconsciously committing breaches of the minor proprieties, which brought upon me humiliations that ought to have humiliated me, but that didn't, because I didn't know anything had happened. But Livy (his wife) knew; she always said I was the most difficult child she had.

When I was leaving Hartford for Washington she said: "I have written a small warning and put it in a pocket of your dress waistcoat. When you are dressing to go to the authors' reception at the White House you will naturally put your fingers into your waistcoat pockets, according to your custom, and you will find that little note there. Read it carefully and do as it tells you. If I should give you the warning by word of mouth now, it would pass from your head and be forgotten in a few minutes."

It was President Cleveland's first term. I had never seen his wife—the young, the beautiful, the good-hearted, the sympathetic, the fascinating. Sure enough, just as I had finished dressing to go to the White House I found that little note, which I had long ago forgotten.

When we reached the White House and I was shaking hands with the President he started to say something, but I interrupted him and said: "If Your Excellency will excuse me I will come back in a moment; but now I have a very important matter to attend to, and it must be attended to at once." I turned to Mrs. Cleveland and gave her my card, on which I had written, "He did not," and I asked her to sign her name below those words.

She said: "He did not? He did not what?"

"Oh," I said, "never mind. We cannot stop to discuss that now. This is urgent. Won't you please sign your name?" (I handed her a fountain pen.)

"Why," she said, "I cannot commit myself in that way. Who is it that didn't? And what is it that he didn't?"

"Oh," I said, "time is flying, flying, flying! Won't you take me out of my distress and sign your name to it? It's all right. I give you my word it's all right."

She looked nonplused, but hesitatingly and mechanically she took the pen and said: "I will sign it. I will take the risk. But you must tell me all about it right afterward, so that you can be arrested before you get out of the house in case there should be anything criminal about this."

Then she signed, and I handed her Mrs. Clemens's note, which was very brief, very simple and to the point. It said: "Don't wear your arctics in the White House."

A CAT'S ORPHANAGE

THE tricolor cat at the Martin ranch, whose family, writes a contributor, had been reduced to one tiny blue-gray kitten, has with praiseworthy success personally conducted an orphanage in a large box in the workshop. The Martins bought a cinnamon-colored Persian kitten twice as old and twice as large as her own, and she adopted it without hesitation. The boys found a baby jack rabbit one day and brought it to the cat for her dinner, but instead of eating it she added it to her growing family.

Sometime later while the boys were plowing they turned out a family of moles; they brought one of the tiny creatures to the cat for her supper, but to the astonishment of everyone she adopted it also. The contrast was great between the kittens, but it was nothing compared



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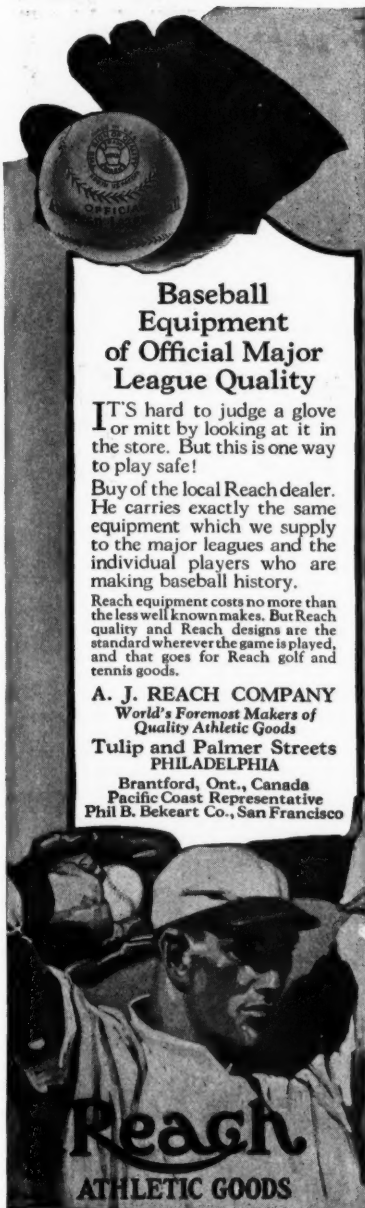
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with the contrast between the long-eared, long-legged jack rabbit and the tiny, blind baby mole with its short legs, roly-poly body and exquisitely beautiful fur. She raised the odd assortment of babies until the rabbit was half grown. She had never seemed to be quite satisfied with his ears; the shape and size did not suit her, and she sometimes licked them until they bled. Perhaps she did it once too often, for one day the jack rabbit was missing.

When the kittens were large enough to climb out of their box house the cat picked up the baby mole and led her little family to the yard for play. As soon as she put the mole on the ground and he felt his native soil under him he lost no time in digging and presently was gone. Now the cat's motherly solicitude is always aroused whenever she finds a mole. She never kills one, but will lie down and hold the little creature close to her body and purr as she would to one of her own kittens.

This winter she caught a great many gophers in the orchard and one day was seen bringing two of them to the house. She would carry one a few rods and then put it down and go back for the other. She continued thus until she got them both to the house. But she did not adopt them; she wanted them for food for her blue-gray kitten and the Persian kitten, now full grown.

WHY SHE BOUGHT A BASKET

ADDRESSING a Philadelphia Sunday school, Dr. J. M. Buckley, the eminent editor and divine, related an incident that greatly interested the children. He told of meeting a ragged, hungry-looking child on the street one day and upon questioning her found that she had an invalid mother and younger brothers and sisters who were without food. He gave her a silver dollar and then followed her to see what she would do with it.

"Now, children," he said, "what do you think was the first thing she bought with that money? Hands up."

Many children guessed, but no answer proved to be correct. Finally one boy at the back of the room ventured to put his hand up. The doctor asked for his answer.

"A basket," said the boy.

"Correct!" cried the doctor, delighted. "Here's a boy that thinks! Now, my lad, would you be willing to go up on the platform and tell us why you think it was a basket?"

After a great deal of coaxing the boy went up, but he was reluctant to talk.

"Go on," urged the doctor. "I'll give you this silver coin if you'll tell me why you think she bought a basket first."

"Be-cause," stammered the youngster at last, "because I was in Camden last Sunday and heard you tell the same story there."

EIGHT GENERATIONS ON THE SAME LAND

A SUBSCRIBER who remembers the articles we published a year or two ago about American families long settled on ancestral acres adds this interesting case in point:

"John Wheeler Latting is the eighth generation, passing directly from father to son, to live on the old place at Lattingtown, Locust Valley, Long Island, N. Y. His father, Edward Townsend Latting, Sr., still owns it. The original old house was torn down and a part of it moved and added to the present house, which was built about eighty years ago. Richard Latting—originally from Wales—emigrated from England to Connecticut and from there to Long Island. In 1665 he bought land from the Indians in Matinecock, where Lattingtown is situated, and his son Josias was the first to build and live there. The family have the Indian deeds and the grant from the English governor, Francis Lovelace. They believe they are the last of the old settlers."

CHRISTOPHER WREN'S ORNAMENTAL PILLARS

THE town hall at Windsor, England, was built by Sir Christopher Wren. He planned the structure with a greatly overhanging roof, which the committee declared would fail if not supported by pillars.

"My roof will not fall or even sag," Sir Christopher answered, "but, since you wish pillars, you shall have them."

So the building has a line of columns across the front in the traditional way; but if you look closely you will see that they do not meet the roof by several inches. And in all the years that have elapsed since the building was put up the roof has maintained the same distance from its unnecessary supports.

NOT HIS FAULT IF THERE WAS

A TRAMP had been admitted to the casual ward of an English workhouse late one evening, and the following morning he duly appeared before the master.

"Have you taken a bath this morning?" was the first question he was asked.

"No, sir," answered the man in astonishment, "is there one missing?"



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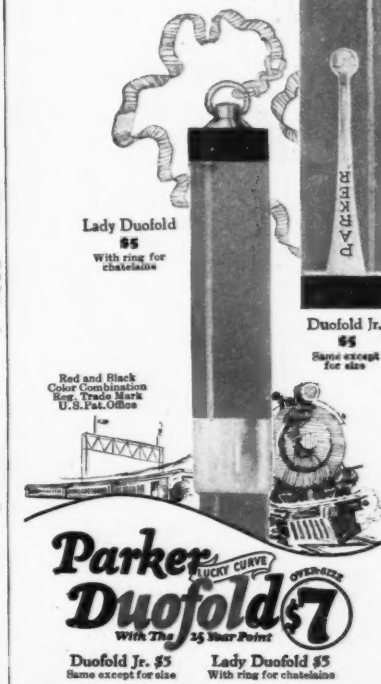
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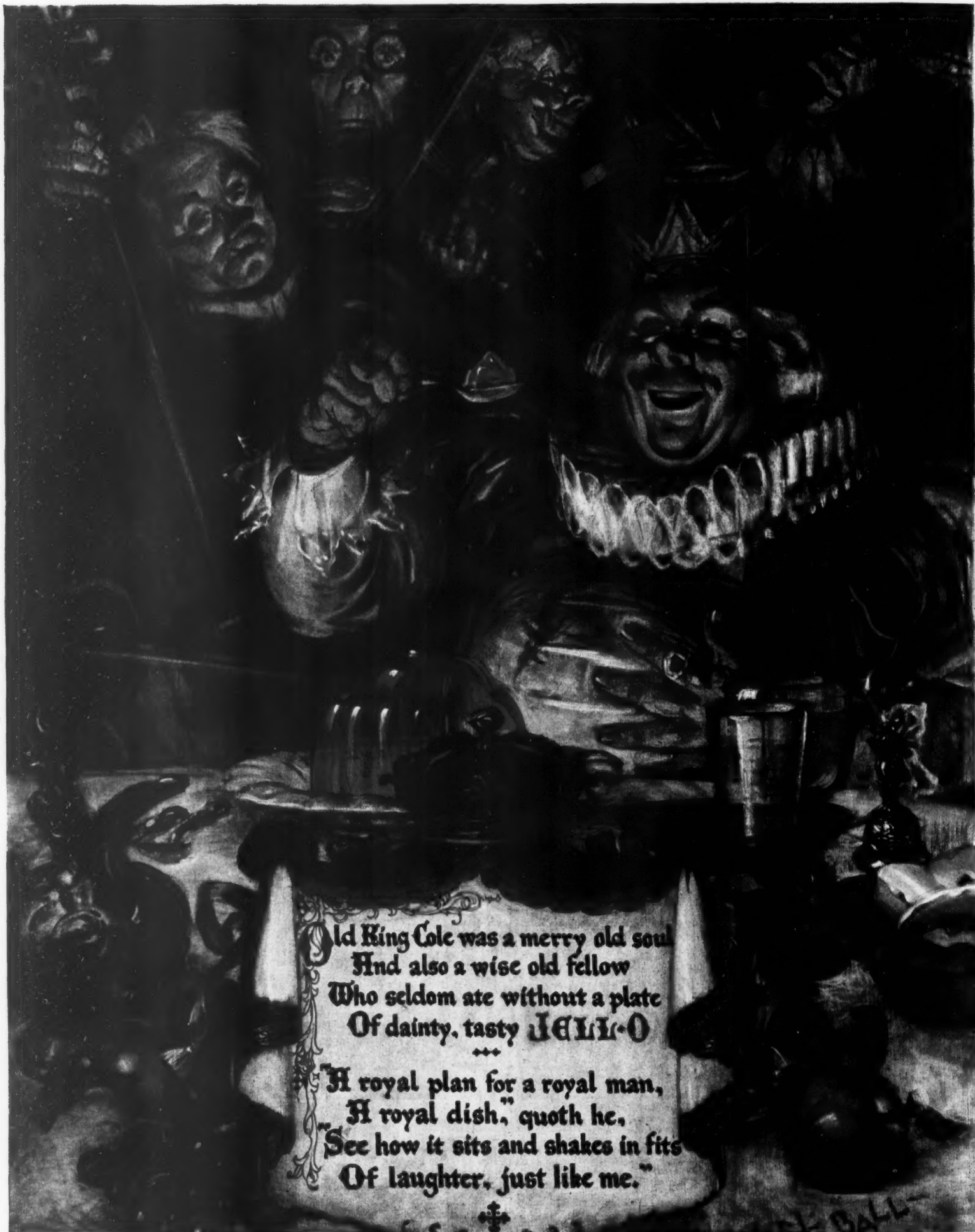
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